

C N CALLING

Though the mills of God
grind slowly
Yet they grind exceeding
small;
Though with patience He
stands waiting,
With exactness grinds
He all.

Translated by Longfellow

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

THE LITTLE
GARDEN
OF HISTORY

See page 6

Number 1089 FEBRUARY 3, 1940

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THE GOOD MAN WHO LEFT US THE EARTH

A Chicago Legacy For All Who Are Young and All Who Are Old

A LAWYER whose Will has been read all over the world for forty years has just died in Chicago, and few people have bothered about the Will he left behind, for he had already left you and me the Earth.

Thirty years ago, when the Editor of the CN was producing the Children's Encyclopedia, he asked a friend in Chicago to call on Mr Williston Fish, chief solicitor of the Chicago Railway Company, and Mr Fish gave him a copy of a Will he had written ten years before, bequeathing to all young people all the beautiful things of the world, and to all old people the lovely memories of the world.

He took the name of an ancestor for his imaginary Will, "a big, all-round, strong, good kind of man" named Charles Lounsbury, a veritable

In the name of God, Amen. I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do now make and publish this my last will and testament, in order, as justly as I may, to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men. And first, that part of my interests which is known in the law and recognised in the sheep-

giant of strength, for it was said that he could "cut a swath like a boulevard through acres of yellow corn."

The Will Mr Fish wrote in his name has been printed in thousands of papers and in nearly all languages, and it has been interesting to read the many stories of who Charles Lounsbury was. We were told that he was a pauper in a workhouse and a madman in an asylum; the imagination of the journalist has invented many careers for him. But the truth is that Charles Lounsbury lived 100 years ago and that the Will, written in 1897, was printed in 1898 in Harper's Weekly.

Now that Mr Fish's actual Will has been read in Chicago it is interesting to read once more the Will he wrote so long ago, for its legacies are yours and mine, the most precious things on earth.

bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no account of it in this my will.

My right to live (it being but a life estate) is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item—And first I give to good fathers and mothers, but in trust for their

children, all good little words of praise and all quaint pet names, and I charge said parents to use them justly but generously as the needs of their children shall require.

Item—I leave to children exclusively, but only for the life of their childhood, all and every, the dandelions of the fields and the daisies thereof, with the right to play among them freely, according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles. And I devise to children the yellow shores of creeks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, with the dragonflies that skim the surface of said waters, and the odours of the willows that dip into said waters, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the Night and the Moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers; and I give to each child the right to choose a star that shall be his, and I direct that the child's father always remember the name of that star after he has learned and forgotten astronomy.

Item—I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, and all snowclad hills where one may coast and all streams and ponds where one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blooms and butterflies thereof; and all woods, with their appurtenances of squirrels and whirring birds and echoes and strange noises; and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found, I do give to said boys to be theirs. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood or coal, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance of cares.

Item—To lovers I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red, red roses by the wall, the snow of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, or aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item—To young men jointly, being joined in a brave, mad crowd, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry. I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude and rough, I leave to them alone the power of making lasting friendships and of possessing companions; and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing, with smooth voices to troll them forth.

Item—And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave Memory, and I leave to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there are others, to the end that they may live the old days over again freely and fully, without tithe or diminution; and to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave, too, the knowledge of what a rare, rare world it is.

THAT is the Will of the good man who owned everything in the world worth having.

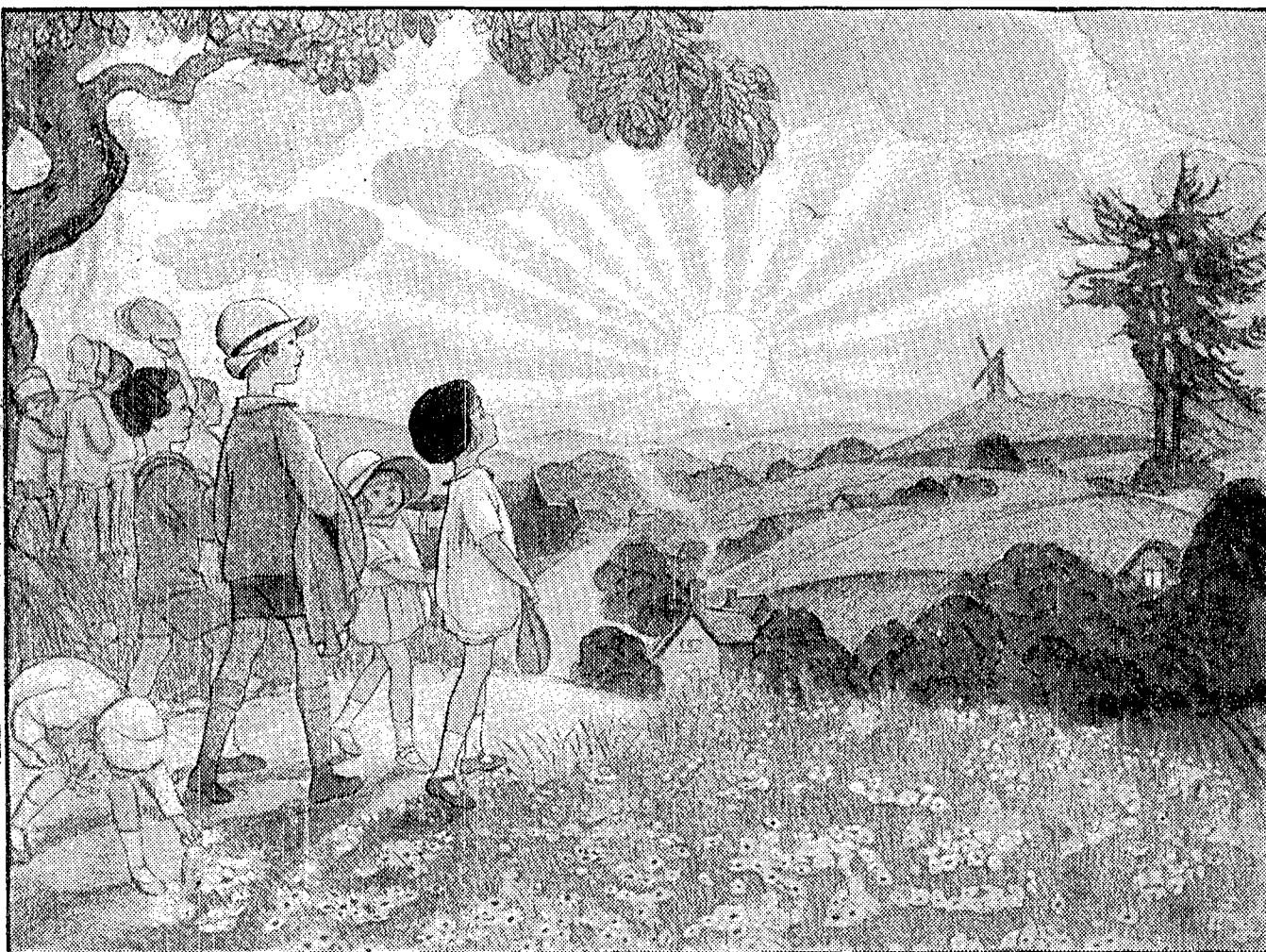
Caterpillar Hall

A hall has been erected in honour of a caterpillar at Boonarga, a small town in Queensland.

It was built to express gratitude to the caterpillar of the cactoblastis moth which was introduced into Australia to destroy the prickly pear, a pest which was causing immense loss to the State.

The little caterpillar did its work nobly. Steadily it ate through the miles of prickly pear, which no animal can eat, and in a few years many thousands of miles have been cleared of the pest.

All honour to this energetic creature, and congratulations to the Boonarga folk who have made its memory secure.



The Heirs to All the Earth

World's Greatest Enterprise

ONE QUARTER OF ITS PEOPLE ARE IN IT

One of the most heartening aspects of our war with Hitlerism and its enslavement of free peoples is the thrilling unanimity with which the whole British Commonwealth has taken its stand by the Motherland.

Not only are the Dominions with us in spirit, they are doing all in their power to arm themselves and to send munitions to us, with trained men to use them; and four of them, the Dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, have each sent one of their foremost sons to share our military counsels and aid in furthering the immense task to which we are all committed.

The Dominions which have thus shared the war with us are absolutely free and independent nations, at liberty to fight at our side or to remain neutral. Our Parliament has no authority over them, but our King is their King, and they have all said, "When our King is at war we also are at war, and his enemies are our enemies."

Democratic Dominions

It is this freedom of its constituent members that makes the British Empire unique. With a fifth of the land surface of the globe and a population of 500 millions it is not only the greatest ever known, but it differs completely from the colonial empires of ancient Greece, Carthage, and Rome, and from the empires of Portugal, Spain, Holland, and France.

The Dominions are as democratic in their political institutions as we are, for they are children, trained by us, who have now become grown-up partners in the Commonwealth, each with all a partner's rights and privileges. Soon India will enjoy the same rights.

But we have enormous areas and populations in the Empire to which the Motherland still acts as parent. The Dominions finance their own undertakings, civil, legal, and military; the Colonies have, for the most part, a generous measure of self-government, with legislative councils that advise the Governors sent out from Great Britain.

The local legislators fully understand local needs, and the Governors are able, as a rule, to give expression to the advice and desires of the population, voiced by these resident legislators who represent them.

Our Debt to the United States

We owe an immeasurable debt to the United States for our successful method of Imperial rule. They rebelled and threw off allegiance to us because they would not submit to taxation imposed on them by our Parliament, in which they were not represented; and though the quarrel with them cost us a war in which we lost most of our Empire, we learned a precious lesson, which enabled us to build up an Empire greater still.

Since that day we have never imposed one farthing of taxation on a Colony. "No taxation without representation" is the first principle of our rule. If our Colonies need extra money for a railway, for bridges or other purposes, we lend it or give it; otherwise they are self-supporting, and to a great extent self-governing.

The result is that in times of stress and danger they rise as one man with help, with raw materials, with gifts of money, and with ungrudging offer of their very lives, to defend from wrong the matchless Commonwealth of which they are free and honoured citizens.

Please Order the C N
Your Newsagent
Will Do the Rest

LITTLE NEWS REELS

The Government proposes to improve the Old-Age Pensions scheme for all in need by extra grants paid weekly from national instead of local funds. The pension age will be 60 instead of 65 for all insured women and the wives of contributory pensioners.

An average of more than £2 a head has been subscribed to the National Savings Campaign by the 9473 inhabitants of Morpeth.

French lessons in simple language are being broadcast to our troops in France.

It has cost Doncaster £700 to paint 200 miles of white lines in three months of the war.

A small return for Norfolk hospitality is being made by a group of London children, who are helping to preserve trees by going about with their pen-knives manfully hacking at thick ivy stems.

For 12 years since its master died, Bluey, a dog, has stayed in the hospital grounds inspecting every car and ambulance that goes to St George's Hospital, Sydney, and a brass tablet has just been unveiled recording Bluey's fidelity.

Every man in the Sunderland Police had to search for over three days to trace 300 medical tablets containing opium which were missing from a doctor's car.

We hear of a tiny child who, being overlooked at a children's tea party, said plaintively to a lady helper, "Please, miss, would anybody like a clean plate?"

Two swallows of Victoria, Australia, decided to nest in a motor launch and, although that meant that whenever the launch made its journeys round the bay they had to follow it, they succeeded in raising a fine brood of nestlings.

Every night 12 local business men in York go on duty in pairs with their cars to meet trains and offer a free ride home for soldiers.

There are now over 200 places in this country where Toc II has opened houses or rooms for troops, and a new Toc II house is being opened in France.

Songster, an old war horse, has died at 39; he went right through the last war from 1914 to 1918, and until 1935 attended Yeomanry camps.

Members of the British Red Cross at Montevideo, most of whom are Uruguayan ladies, have decided to send £600 to London for an ambulance.

Over 1000 fur coats have been collected in this country for the distressed Finns.

Over 1600 iron lungs have been allotted to the hospitals throughout the Empire under the Lord Nuffield scheme.

THE GATEWAY TO A BETTER WORLD THAN THIS

All of us will agree with Lord Meston's view of what must happen when the war is over. We take this from his Broadcast not long ago.

WE may drive Germany across the Rhine. We may force her to evacuate Warsaw and Prague. We may exact amends for her aggression. We may unseat Hitler and his gang. We may do all this, yet as surely as the night succeeds the day we shall have to do it all over again in the next twenty years unless we get down to the roots of the troubles of these last twenty years.

Unless the war is merely to be a hideous orgy of agony and slaughter it has to be a gateway to a different world from that in which we are living. The first and by far the most imperative change is to prevent the peace of the world from ever again being shattered by the whim of one man or of one country. War has to be made an international crime and stopped, as ordinary crimes are stopped. The League of Nations could not do it.

The Jarrow Shipbreaking Company claimed four hundred-dollar bills found between the tiling and the ship's plates of the Berengaria when she was being broken up, the workman who found them being rewarded.

Snow has fallen at Corunna for the first time since the 18th century ended.

The population of Italy continues to advance; there has been an addition of 5,500,000 in 17 years.

The Scout's News Reel

Fred Perkins, Troop Leader of the First Stepney Scouts, has been awarded the Gilt Cross for Gallantry for saving a nine-year-old girl whose clothing was ablaze.

For diving 12 feet to the rescue of a four-year-old boy who had fallen into the water between a ship and the quay at Wick Harbour, Daniel Beattie, of the Second Wick Group, has been awarded the Silver Cross for Gallantry.

Scouts in Ceylon have been distributing official publications issued by the Department of Information as part of their National Service.

In the State of Cochin, India, Scouts are helping to secure the smooth working of the Food Control by explaining the regulations to housewives and shopkeepers.

The Guide's News Reel

The Second Sidcup Guides have made and padded over 100 splints from wooden boxes. These they have given to the Red Cross.

Topsham Guides (Devon) have collected over a cwt of waste paper, which they packed into sacks, lashed on to bicycles, and wheeled into Exeter.

In Jamaica and other West Indian islands the Guides are cultivating allotments for growing war food.

Bangor Guides recently held a Work Day, when any Ranger, Guide, or Brownie might be employed to do odd jobs. The money they made went to the upkeep of the Guide Bed in the Cripples Home.

French Guides are forming mending depots in which soldiers on leave can bring their socks to be darned.

The equipment of the First Buckingham Palace Guides and Brownies has been lent to new evacuee companies formed in Windsor.

The 36th Bradford Wyke Church Guide Company have repaired, pressed, and despatched much clothing for evacuees and are making hospital supplies.

Pacts and treaties apparently could not do it. Enormous armies will certainly not do it. Wise men are working and thinking hard to devise something better than all these.

It may mean some sacrifice of the insular prestige and the proud independence with which Britannia looks out upon the seven seas, but need we grudge that if it brought us appreciably nearer to a permanently peaceful world?

We cannot imagine that when the war is over there will be no betterment in the lot of the small man—the man of precarious means and humble ambitions and many anxieties. It is to him that the country turns when the trenches have to be lined, the sea and the air patrolled, and yet too often is his reward measured out to him in insecurity, unemployment, poverty, redeemed only by imperfect and frequently ill-conceived social services. We hope to see all that exchanged for a better scheme of life.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Conversion Loan. Conversion in financial language is the changing of stocks and shares into a form in which they yield a higher or lower rate of interest, this rate being determined by the ease or difficulty with which money can be borrowed in the money market. The Government being at present able to borrow at a low rate is converting a 4½ per cent loan due for repayment into one which will yield 2 per cent.

Lumberjack. The Forestry Commission are finding work in this country for 2000 lumberjacks from Newfoundland. The word is used in America for the man who fells and saws into convenient lengths for transport forest trees, a task needing skill and strength.

Rotaplane. This is the new name for the aeroplane which can rise vertically by the rotation of its wings. A familiar example is the Autogyro.

Trinity House. The German airmen have been attacking our lightships and a steamer which relieves their staff. Ever since the time of Henry the Eighth our lighthouses, lightships, and sea-marks have been erected and maintained by the Corporation of Trinity House, which has its headquarters on Tower Hill. Its funds come from light dues levied on shipping using our ports and an account is submitted to Parliament every year. The Corporation is our chief pilotage authority, and it also administers many charities.

A Narrow Man in a Wide, Wide World

America has lost a man whose name was in some papers nearly every day, Senator Borah.

He was the stoutest of all the Isolationists, and he believed in an America in which all the people should be happy and prosperous, cut off from the troubles of the great world outside her borders. He thought they could get on very well without the rest of the bothering world.

It must be admitted that within the limits of his vision he was a good man, but more than any other man he kept America out of the League of Nations, and so we may presume contributed very largely to its break-up. It must be said of him that he was the narrowest-minded man who ever won for himself great influence in the wide world.

News of Beethoven

Almost lost in the war news is a little story from Russia, linking us with the work of an immortal musician in the days when Napoleon was troubling the world.

Someone in Moscow has come upon 174 pages of Beethoven manuscripts, sheets on which the composer began to sketch several of his most famous works, among them the Eroica Symphony. It was his method to jot down an idea, perhaps when he was out walking, and then to work at it, sometimes months or years later, until it had taken a shape that would satisfy him. Several of his sketch-books, as they are called, have come down to us, and are of rare value in showing the working of his mighty mind.

It is thought that the newly-found pages were taken to Moscow by friends of Prince Rasoumofsky, who was Russian minister in Vienna and a close friend of Beethoven. Some of them carry marks of the tallow candles used by the composer to light him at his work.

THINGS SEEN

Two thousand swans frozen in the ice off the coast of Denmark.

A great spotted woodpecker feeding among the tits, robins, and starlings at a cottage in Mosborough, Derbyshire.

Pheasants in Hampshire excited by an explosion in Essex, 70 miles away, before it was heard by human ears.

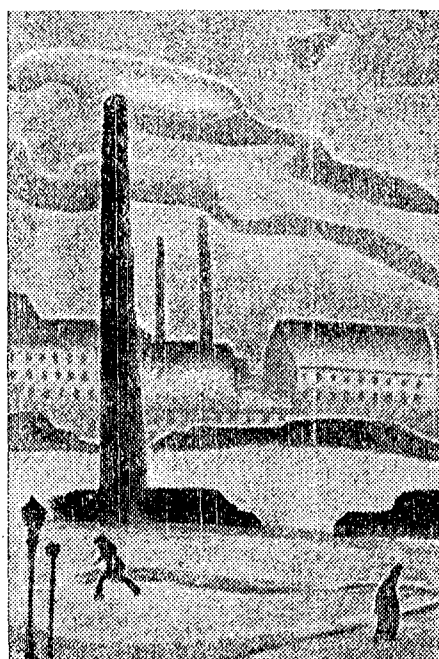
BLACKOUT FACTORY

A factory which need never black out its windows (because it has none) is the latest industrial idea from the United States.

This first windowless factory, at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, is a great five-acre room, where steel saws and machine tools are constructed amid the roar of machinery and the crash of four big drop-hammers.

It is unchanging all the year round, lighted from within by the cold light of 1400 fluorescent tubes. It is heated by 70 furnaces, which keep the temperature constant and give it five changes of air an hour. The air circulated by the furnaces comes in at the rate of 400,000 cubic feet a minute through 3000 overhead ducts.

Exhaust fans and other ducts carry away dust and heat from the machinery; the walls and pillars are painted light cream colour to give the best shadowless conditions for work; and, last but not least, there are devices to reduce vibration and, therefore, nerve strain.



A Lancashire Woman's Impression of the Mills in which she works

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Plant out from the seed-beds some of the largest plants of Ellam's Early cabbage, and sow seeds of the same kind in a warm border or in a cold frame. Sow also seeds of red cabbage.

Sow radishes in a warm border and cover with litter till the plants are above ground, and protect at night.

Plant and stake fruit trees of moderate growth which have healthy stocks.

CONSCIENCE

The workers in a big shop in Chicago are still talking about a letter the manager received from England the other day.

It contained two postal orders, one for ten shillings and one for half a crown, and the letter, which was signed A. C., read: "This money is owing to some of the employees who gave me too much change a long time ago." In these dark days, when morals seem so topsy-turvy, how encouraging it is to hear a tale like this!

KNOCKING THEM SPINNING

Arthur Mee's Blackout Book is a really delightful collection of mixed reading. Ideas, poems, talks, stories, puzzles, tricks, and other matter make up a varied and most readable book. Arthur Mee in his own sphere is without a rival. His vast knowledge of literature and his uncanny gift of selection are conspicuously revealed in this blackout book that *knocks bedside books spinning*.
Musselburgh News

More Crocodiles Come Creeping

STATION owners in Northern Queensland are becoming worried about the crocodile menace, for crocodiles are one of the few native creatures that are definitely increasing in this part of Australia, owing to the fact that the aborigines no longer go after the eggs.

Not long ago on a Cape York Peninsula station 20 cattle were taken in one week by these fearful monsters, and on many stations the yearly losses from similar attacks amount to over £700.

Unfortunately these man-eating monsters do not live only in creeks and rivers; they are sometimes found as far as 50 miles inland, and more than one human tragedy has occurred, including that of a bank manager who was seized when he was in his garden.

A REMARKABLE LAMP

Dr H. W. Melville of Trinity College at Cambridge has been telling boys and girls about a new lamp, more wonderful than Aladdin's, and the finest of its kind the world has ever seen. It is said to be as nearly perfect as anything can be.

The lamp has a white fluorescent discharge tube, and though still in the laboratory stage it will one day be in every home, its kindly light helping to brighten the world. It gives a better light, the doctor declared, than any lamp now in use; and we may hope it will shine in a better world than this.

THE BUSHMAN WHO COULD NOT BELIEVE HIS EYES

A bushman near the Warrego River, in Queensland, could hardly believe his eyes the other day when he took a shot at an emu and saw the animal leap out of its skin.

When he had pulled himself together he realised that the supposed bird was an aborigine camouflaged as an emu—a common practice with the Warrego blacks when hunting emus.

In some parts of Queensland emus have a hard time saving their skins from being made into sleeping mats and their eggs from being scrambled for somebody's breakfast. The housewife in the Great Outback can do wonders with one emu egg, which is equal to a dozen hen's eggs. Each emu egg weighs about a pound and a half and is about seven inches long. It takes at least twenty minutes to boil an emu egg!

20 SHILLINGS IN THE POUND

A Gravesend music-dealer, who had the sad misfortune to be declared bankrupt five years ago as he was unable to pay a debt of £18, has saved 2s a week from his old age pension and now has the satisfaction of knowing that he has cleared himself of debt, for he has paid twenty shillings in the pound.

HOW HARD IS THE ICE?

Many youngsters have lately made the discovery that ice is hard, but when they pick themselves up they may be pleased to be told that it might be harder.

Ice when frozen enough to bear has a hardness about the same as gypsum, which is a mineral hard enough to scratch talc; the transparent mineral sometimes used instead of glass. Much softer than glass, it can be scratched with the finger-nail.

But when ice is subjected to a temperature of 44 degrees below freezing it becomes as hard as fluor spar, and when the thermometer falls to 70 or 80 it is nearly as hard as quartz. These figures have lately been arrived at by scientific tests.

A C N reader from the Peninsula tells us of a fierce fight he witnessed the other day between two crocodiles and a small herd of wild buffalo. It began when a buffalo calf ventured to the banks of a creek for a drink and was swept into the water by the tail of an 18-foot crocodile lurking near.

The victim found a second crocodile in the creek and it soon disappeared from sight. Then Grandfather Buffalo appeared on the scene and charged angrily at the first crocodile, trying to get its deadly horns under it. Again and again the buffalo charged, and when exhausted other members of the watching herd took its place, until the crocodile saw that it had met its match and slunk off down the river.

HE WALKED WITH GOD

It is just 200 years since Enoch Francis died. A Welsh Baptist minister born on the banks of the Tivy, he began preaching before he was 20 and became one of the most noted orators of his day.

We think of him now, not so much for what he did and said as for his beautiful and touching epitaph, for on his tomb were carved these words from the Bible, *Enoch walked with God*.

WHAT CHEMISTRY DOES FOR US

All fears about a shortage of fertilisers for crops have now been dissipated, for the latest reports state that the world is now overstocked with ammonia. Professor Haber invented the first process for getting it from the air in the form of nitrates at the beginning of the last war. The production of this synthetic ammonia was 5000 tons in 1922, and at the beginning of this war it had risen to 200,000 tons a year. The same reports say that the production of artificial silk, or rayon, has risen to 300 million pounds a year, and that there are now six kinds of artificial rubber trying to get on the market by reducing their cost.

A GREAT TREASURE IN A LITTLE PLACE

The Italian village of Pariana, near Florence, is excited about a discovery in its church. Someone there has come upon a small oil-painting of the Madonna and Child with St Remy of Rheims, and on it are traces of a signature believed to be Raphael's. The picture was apparently painted in 1500.

VINYON

From America comes news of yet another new artificial silk, for which the name vinyon has been adopted. It is said to have all the qualities of natural silk, and is produced from a resin which is also adaptable for plastic articles, the use of which is becoming so common. It does not seem to be stated with certainty, however, whether this new fibre is, like real silk, a non-conductor of heat. The point is important, seeing that garments are needed to conserve the heat of the body.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of February 1915

Thirty Miles for a Loaf. A journalist in Belgium met two little boys trudging along the road from Quaregnon, each carrying two enormous loaves of bread.

"Where did you get that bread?"

"We bought it."

"Where?"

"At Ath."

"How did you get there?"

"We walked since six o'clock this morning."

These lads had made a journey of 30 miles, to Ath and back, by 3 o'clock in the afternoon of a single day in order not to starve. German culture has come to that.

UNKNOWN OLD MAN

How much do you feel sorry for Finland?

Do you feel a half-crown sorry, or a pound-note sorry, or even a five-pound-note sorry?

A white-haired old man knocked the other day at the door of the Finnish Minister in London (M. Gripenberg) and begged to see him. On his refusing his name, he was informed that it would be difficult to see him without his name; but the white-haired old man replied that he thought the Minister would be glad to see him.

It was so, for when they met the visitor gave the Minister £5000 in notes for Finland, and went away still unknown to the Minister, but known, we are sure, to God.

CARRYING ON

This business has been compelled to close owing to bad debts. A list of the names and amounts owing will shortly be shown.

A butcher in West Worthing, near Regina, Canada, put this notice in his shop window not long ago with magical results, for within a few days all the money owing to him had come in and he was able to carry on.

THE DOCTOR SMILES

What is perhaps the oddest story of the war comes from a Yorkshire doctor. Some weeks ago he had the captain of a German U-boat among his patients, a clever young fellow of 25 or so, speaking English well. He was severely wounded when the submarine was captured, and for some time was in a critical condition. When he recovered sufficiently to understand the attention which had been given to him he astonished his doctor by sitting up in bed and saying: "It will pay you, my friend, to get me well and keep me well. I shall not forget your services, and when Germany occupies England I will be your friend and see that no harm comes to you."

The Yorkshire doctor just smiled.

WARMING UP THE GLOBE

Once again the question has been asked whether the Earth is getting warmer, this time by Professor J. B. Kincer, who has been collecting temperatures from several continents.

In some parts of America 17 out of the last 20 years' temperatures have been higher than the average, as have 19 winters out of 20 in Capetown. Other records might seem to point the same way, and joined to them is the shrinking of the glaciers in the northern half of the world. It has been supposed that the Earth may be approaching the closing years of its last Ice Age.



A driver of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry ready to clean her ambulance

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 3 1940

YOUTH, THIS IS
YOUR CHANCE

THE war will be over one day, perhaps before you think. Are you ready for Peace?

When we take down our dark blinds and light our street lamps again the future will suddenly seem bright, and life will be good.

That will be your challenge. A new order of things will exist, a new world, a new opportunity. Youth will have its chance. Old ideas will be thrown aside and new ones tried. Too many of us are in danger of forgetting this. A wave of restlessness has swept over many boys and girls. They are tempted to think that nothing matters much in wartime, that there is no need to study, that they belong so much to the State that their own efforts do not count.

All this is part of the war-malady affecting everyone. It is a malady we must guard against, for the truth is that never in history has there been a greater need of brain-power, of energy, of spiritual vision, and of serious application to all kinds of study for the future.

We cannot afford to neglect our education now. In spite of all the difficulties in the way, now is the time to master knowledge. Now is the time to learn languages. Now is the time to prepare for examinations, to qualify for important posts. The boy or girl at the bottom of their form now will be sorry before they are much older.

Youth stands at the threshold of vast enterprises and tremendous opportunities. Once Hitlerism is driven from Europe, and the nations of the world have a better understanding, there will be time to widen commerce, to improve business, to rid the world of outworn creeds, to establish new ideals in travel and international life, in currency, and trade, and exploration, and housing, and health, and a hundred other things.

Those who are older may have lost heart. Their visions have come to nothing and their hopes have been frustrated. But youth has no such bitterness, and it is to youth that the challenge comes. With the shadow of war passed, there will come the challenge of peace, and it will give you chances undreamed of. Are you getting ready for it?

JUST AN IDEA

How wise a saying that is that every impetuous step, every blow in anger, may mean tragedy for the next generation, and that it is impossible to foresee its consequences.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



The End of a Bully

THE slogan of the bully is *I'll do as I like*; but it is one of life's ironies that bullies never do as they like for long.

Perhaps the stupidity of the two great bullies of the world is as astonishing as their brutality, for all wise men know that there can be only one end to their folly, the balking of their plans.

That is what always happens. It has happened to every bully since Time began. Sooner or later he finds that what he has striven for eludes him. Goliath was brought low. Nero died by his own hand. Napoleon died in exile. Hitler? Stalin? We shall see.

Two Friends on Mont Blanc

WHO can fathom the mysterious depths of feeling in all living things? The fidelity and devotion of animals is a constant wonder of all who come in touch with them.

One of the good friends of the C N has a chalet halfway up Mont Blanc, to which he went every year to write C N stories, and books. This year, owing to the war, he has not been able to go to his chalet, and his absence has apparently troubled two of his friends who used to come up from the village and live with him. They would settle down in his study and snooze by the fire, and were his inseparable companions.

The two friends were cats, and it has just become known that since the war began they have both made the journey up Mont Blanc once a week to see if the Englishman has arrived.

A Word From B-P

"The darkest hour's before the dawn."
The blackest cloud can only shade for a time the blue sky and the sunshine which is there above it.
This winter is black for millions of sufferers in many countries, owing to the war - but let us hope, and let us pray and strive for brighter days and the blessings of peace in this coming year - if God so will.

Bader Powell

The King's English

THIS example of official language is quoted by a correspondent who loves plain speech:

The Governor of Burma, Sir Archibald Cochrane, has constituted a Burma Defence Council, the purpose of which is to facilitate the expeditious disposal of the manifold questions which, in war conditions, affect the responsibilities of several Departments of Government and the interests of various elements in the country.

That runs to 48 words, but surely the sense is better stated thus in half the number of words:

The Governor of Burma, Sir Archibald Cochrane, has set up a Burma Defence Council to deal quickly with the many questions arising in wartime.

We have far too much of the facilitate-the-expeditious-disposal kind of language.

The Nazi Mind

OH, the Nazi's salute it is comic
And his gait could be hardly less subtle,

His Army indulges the goosestep,
And his Navy delights in the scuttle.

A Professor's Idea

FACED with the problem of cutting down the citizen's purchases of goods, a well-known economist proposes that the way out is for the Government to guarantee to every citizen a definite supply of commodities on which to live. That is, we should be rationed in everything.

There is nothing like wartime to produce suggestions from economists. This particular one can only be dismissed with amusement. To carry it out properly would call first for a universal declaration by each citizen as to clothing in stock. In enslaved Germany, we understand, a man may not buy a new suit in war unless he can show that he needs it. Apparently our professor would go even farther than this in our free country.

For Daddy Far Away

A TOUCHING story comes to us from a journalist who was with the Finns during the thickest of their fighting.

He got right up to the front lines, and on Christmas Day he managed to reach the outermost rough trench. He found the men lying in the straw at the bottom round a little stove, unshaven and tired, but cheerful. They had a Christmas dinner of Dutch ham and bread and butter—plenty of it. And in the trench with them was a tiny Christmas tree, cut a long way back and dressed with white and red candles, which the child of one of the men had begged Mother to send so that Daddy should have a proper Christmas.

But they could not light the candles for fear it should give out a tiny glow and bring the shells down on them. "Daddy" wasn't actually there; he was farther out. The journalist begged to be allowed to crawl out and tell the outpost of his Christmas remembrance from home, but the officer in command would not let him, even at his own risk.

It makes a wonderful picture, the unlighted Christmas tree, and the father fighting in the darkness for Mother and Child and Home.

We Need Waking Up

IT is sad reading, in time of war, that in 1939 less wheat was grown than in 1938. The Ministry of Agriculture is apparently determined to increase the corn area this year, but we have before us the fact that last year the wheat acreage fell from 1,830,000 acres to 1,683,000.

Not only so, but the total output in 1939 of wheat, barley, mixed corn, peas, potatoes, and turnips fell as compared with 1938. Oats did better, but as a whole the returns are not merely depressing; they are a sad indictment of our powers of organisation and imagination. They reveal that we stand in real need of an enthusiastic Minister who will wake us all up in such matters.

A HISTORY POSER

Five English Kings at Once

WE all know that only one king reigned at one time in England (except when rivals were asserting themselves, as in the case of Matilda in the time of Stephen, and during the exertions of Warwick the King-maker); but while each king was on the throne there was often growing up to manhood another who was to be king, and in a few cases a king was deposed and went on living during the next reign, so that at the same time there might be an ex-king, a king, and one or more future kings.

Now at what time in history (before the Reformation) were there five some-time-or-other-kings living at once?

Answer next week

Under the Editor's Table

A WHOLE cricket team has joined the Army. Prefers tin hats to bowlers.

HITLER has had a new medal struck. It can't strike back.

BROWN-EYED people see best in the Blackout. Blue-eyed ones are in danger of getting black-eyed.

Peter Puck Wants To Know

SHOPPERS these days are hard pressed. Especially when they crowd into a lift.

TWELVE tons of bread-crusts are thrown into Weymouth dustbins in a year. No wonder the officials are getting crusty.

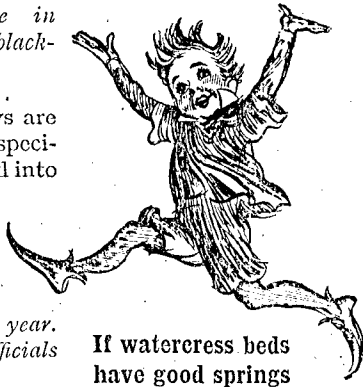
If watercress beds have good springs

A MAN was so pleased with his cook that he gave her a car. But didn't want to drive her away.

A COMEDIAN says some of his jokes do not go down so well as they used to. He should drop them.

TYRES are going to cost more. Motorists are asking for a flat rate.

SMALL children like to feel everything. But are not touchy.



February 3, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

5

The Flower-Shop

THE winter wind was strong and chill,
And sleet was in the air,
I shivered as I hurried home,
And then stood still to stare.

For in the city street I found
A picture of delight,
Unnumbered blooms were smiling
there,
A very lovely sight.

The daffodils had shining stars
And trumpets of pure gold;
The snowdrops, white and wondrous
fair,
Were waiting to be sold.

And hyacinths there were, so sweet
To look upon that I
Stood watching in the biting wind,
And could not pass them by.

The flower-shop was all aglow;
I stood there in the rain,
And said, "Dear God, how glad I am
That Spring has come again."

H. L. Gee

LIFE ITSELF

LIFE and religion are one, or neither is
anything. Religion is no way of
life, no show of life, no observance of
any sort. It is neither the food nor
medicine of being. It is life essential.

George MacDonald

Great and Free

ENGLAND! my country, great and
free!
Heart of the world, I leap to thee!

Philip James Bailey

Blessings on Him

BLESSINGS light on him who first
invented sleep. It covers a man
all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak.
It is meat for the hungry, drink for the
thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for
the hot; in short, money that buys every-
thing, balance and weight that makes
the shepherd equal to the monarch, and
the fool to the wise.

Cervantes

A PRAYER

LORD! Who art merciful as well as
just,
Incline Thine ear to me, a child of
dust!
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer
Thee,
Alas! but what I can.

Father Almighty, Who has made me
man,
And bade me look to heaven, for Thou
art there,
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
Four things which are not in Thy
treasury
I lay before Thee, Lord, with this
petition:
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.

Robert Southey

Three Friendships

THERE are three friendships which are
advantageous, and three which are
injurious.

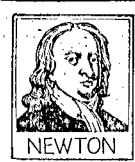
Friendship with the upright, friend-
ship with the sincere, and friendship
with the man of observation—these are
advantageous.

Friendship with the man of specious
airs, friendship with the insinuatingly
soft, and friendship with the glib-
tongued—these are injurious. Confucius

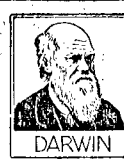
PROUD AND HUMBLE

KNOWLEDGE is proud that he has
learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no
more.

William Cowper



CARRY ON



Nature Will Not Allow Right To Be Conquered

ONE strong thing I find here below:
the just thing, the true thing.

My friend, if thou hadst all the artill-
ery of Woolwich trundling at thy back
in support of an unjust thing, and
infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead
of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy
victory on behalf of it, I would advise
thee to call Halt, to fling down thy
baton, and say, *In God's name, No.*

For it is the right and noble alone that
will have victory in this struggle; the
rest is wholly an obstruction. Towards
an eternal centre of right and nobleness,
and of that only, is all this confusion
tending.

In all the battles, if you await the
issue, each fighter has prospered accord-
ing to his right. His right and his might,
at the close of the account, were one
and the same. He has fought with all
his might, and in exact proportion to
all his right he has prevailed. His very

death is no victory over him. He dies
indeed; but his work lives.

A heroic Wallace, quartered on the
scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland
become one day a part of England; but
he does hinder that it become, on
tyrannous unfair terms, a part of it;
commands still, as with a god's voice
from his old Valhalla and Temple of the
Brave, that there be a just real union
as of brother and brother, not a false
one as of slave and master.

Fight on, thou brave true heart, and
falter not, through dark fortune and
through bright. The cause thou fightest
for, so far as it is true, no farther, yet
precisely so far, is very sure of victory.
The falsehood alone of it will be con-
quered, will be abolished, as it ought to
be: but the truth of it is part of Nature's
own laws, cooperates with the world's
eternal tendencies, and cannot be con-
quered.

Carlyle

FOR THOSE IN PERIL ON THE LAND

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline slewed his
quid,
And said to Billy Bowline:

A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill,
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!

Foolhardy chaps as live in towns,
What danger they are all in!
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in!

Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean!

Come Unto Me

COME unto Me, all ye that labour and
are heavy laden, and I will give you
rest. Take My yoke upon you, and
learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly
in heart: and ye shall find rest unto
your souls.

Jesus

The Loom of Life

WE sleep, but the loom of life never
stops; and the pattern which
was weaving when the sun went down
is weaving when it comes up tomorrow.

Henry Ward Beecher

GOD IS NIGH

THE round moon hangs like a yellow
lantern in the trees
That lie like lace against the sky,
Oh, still the night, oh, hushed the
breeze,
Surely God is nigh!

Watson Kerr

And as for them that's out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night returning home,
To cheer their babes and spouses;

While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

Both you and I have oftentimes heard
How men are killed and undone,
By overturns from carriages,
By thieves, and fires in London.

We know what risks these landsmen
run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors.

Probably by Charles Dibdin

UNRIVALLED

COMMON friendships will admit of
division, one may love the beauty
of this, the good humour of that person,
the liberality of a third, the paternal
affection of a fourth, the fraternal love
of a fifth, and so on. But the friendship
that possesses the whole soul, and there
rules and sways with an absolute
sovereignty, can admit of no rival.

Michel de Montaigne

The Living Book

BOOKS are not absolutely dead
things, but do contain a potency
of life in them to be as active as that
soul was whose progeny they are;
nay, they do preserve as in a vial
the purest efficacy and extraction of
that living intellect that bred them.

Milton

A Better Resurrection

I HAVE no wit, no words, no tears;
My heart within me like a stone
Is numbed too much for hopes or fears;
Look right, look left, I dwell alone;
I lift mine eyes, but dimmed with grief
No everlasting hills I see;
My life is in the falling leaf:
O Jesu, quicken me!
My life is like a faded leaf,
My harvest dwindled to a husk;
Truly my life is void and brief
And tedious in the barren dusk;
My life is like a frozen thing,
No bud nor greenness can I see:
Yet rise it shall, the sap of Spring;
O Jesu, rise in me!

My life is like a broken bowl,
A broken bowl that cannot hold
One drop of water for my soul
Or cordial in the searching cold;
Cast in the fire the perished thing,
Melt and remould it, till it be
A royal cup for Him my King:
O Jesu, drink of me!

Christina Georgina Rossetti

Happiness Carries On

MANKIND are always happier for
having been happy, so that if
you make them happy now you make
them happy twenty years hence by the
memory of it.

Sydney Smith

Poor Man's Garden

YES, in the poor man's garden grow,
Far more than herbs and flowers,
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of
mind,
And joy for weary hours.

Mary Howitt

GOD IS OUR HOPE

GOD is our hope and strength: a very
present help in trouble. Therefore
will we not fear, though the earth be
moved: and though the hills be carried
into the midst of the sea; though the
waters thereof rage and swell, and
though the mountains shake at the
tempest.

Psalm 46

All Things Have Something Not of Them

O EARTH! Thou hast not any wind
that blows
Which is not music; every word of
thine
Pressed rightly flows in aromatic wine;
And every hedgerow flower that grows,
And every little brown bird that doth
sing,
Hath something greater than itself,
and bears
A living word to every living thing,
Albeit holds the message unawares.
All shapes and sounds have something
which is not
Of them: a spirit broods amid the
grass;
Vague outlines of the Everlasting
Thought
Lie in the melting shadows as they
pass;
The touch of an eternal presence
thrills
The fringes of the sunsets and the hills.

The Aristocracy

THE Jews are among the aristocracy
of every land; if a literature is
called rich in the possession of a few
classic tragedies, what shall we say to
a national tragedy lasting for fifteen
hundred years, in which the poets and
the actors were also the heroes?

George Eliot

IN THE DUST

FROM the top of all my trust
Mishap has laid me in the dust.
Mary Queen of Scots in prison



THE LITTLE GARDEN OF HISTORY

A Family of Historic Trees

TREES live longer than men; and so it is that many trees still living have witnessed historic events or been the companions of famous men.

No country has a greater wealth than ours of these witnesses of history; and someone suggested last summer that the children of these trees, if they were brought together into a garden, would make an interesting national possession. Lord Jersey offered a site for this purpose at Osterley Park, which had recently been opened to the public; a committee was formed to decide on the claims of the offspring of various famous trees and plants to be admitted into the collection; and we hear that many candidates for entry have now been discovered.

It is found that in Northamptonshire there still lives the famous Queen's Oak which, in the words of Agnes Strickland, "rears its hollow trunk, a venerable witness of one of the most romantic facts which history recalls." Beneath its branches stood Elizabeth Woodville between her two orphaned boys, waiting to plead with Edward the Fourth, who was hunting in the forest of Whittlebury, for the restoration of their lands. Here Edward paused for the first of many meetings

(which took place under the tree) between himself and his queen to be.

Under the Hatfield Oak Queen Elizabeth is said to have received news of her accession, while in the branches of the famous Boscobel Oak, Charles the Second hid from his pursuers after the Battle of Worcester. It seems fitting that the oak tree, the King of the Forest, should have so many royal associations.

From far away has come a seedling grown from an acorn from the forest of Mount Ephraim, where Absalom met his death, while yet another oak comes from the battlefield of Ypres. Willow trees are represented by a grandchild of the weeping willow from the grave of Napoleon at St Helena. He had asked to be buried there, close to the spring from which water had been drawn for him.

Yew trees were much planted in churchyards in olden days, and such a one is the splendid yew at Selborne which Gilbert White described. A yew with more sinister associations is that at Whittingehame in Scotland, under whose shade Darnley's murder is said to have been plotted.

Two medlar trees have been suggested, one of which (associated with the poet George Herbert) was saved

from death a few years ago by a skilful operation; his old medlar was dying, but one branch was alive and has been grafted so that the tree is now fruitful as when the poet saw it, in his own garden in Wiltshire, within sight of Salisbury's famous spire. The other medlar is said to have been planted for Nelson by Lady Hamilton.

A surprising number of historic mulberries have come to light. In the grounds of the Draper's Hall in London stands a mulberry tree which was growing there when the Great Fire was checked close by. Milton's name is linked with a mulberry at Christ's College, Cambridge; while at Highgate is to be found the tree beside which, centuries later, Keats began to write his immortal Ode to a Nightingale.

Close to Hogarth's house stands the tree from which the painter picked mulberries, which he gave each autumn to the boys and girls of Chiswick. In the garden of a cottage near Meopham in Kent grow two mulberries of great age thought to have been planted by John Tradescant, who planted the parks and gardens of the Crown with mulberry trees to feed silkworms for the weavers of Spitalfields.

Francis Bacon's Catalpa

Under a sycamore the Tolpuddle martyrs held one of their few meetings, before their attempt to form a trade union was frustrated by the farmers of the neighbourhood and they themselves were punished with severity.

Among the less common trees is a catalpa which, tradition says, was planted by Francis Bacon at Gray's Inn, and a pomegranate, the emblem of Catharine of Aragon, planted in his garden at Colyton in Devon by the vicar of the day, who championed her cause and was deprived of the living for so doing by Henry the Eighth.

From Hougoumont, where the Grenadier Guards made their stand at the Battle of Waterloo, came a box tree which is still growing in a Lincolnshire garden. It was brought to England within a month of the battle by a man who plucked sprigs from the box edgings in the garden of the farm. Later, when the victor of Waterloo died, a small boy who had been taken to watch the funeral procession picked up a cypress bough which had fallen from Wellington's funeral car. A fine tree has grown from one of its seeds.

These are but a few examples of the suggestions that have come for the collection of historic trees at Osterley; they include acacias which Cobbett imported from North America, the first tulip tree to be brought to England from Virginia, the tree round which Fanny Burney danced on hearing that her Evelina had been accepted for publication, and a myrtle which grew in a pot at Coleridge's house in Highgate and is said to have blossomed and scented his room after his death.

From Distant Lands

Smaller plants, too, will have their place in this garden of history. They range from a rose planted on the grave of Omar Khayyam, of which a child grows on Fitzgerald's grave at Woodbridge, to a house leek descended from those planted by Linnaeus in his garden at Hammarby.

America and the distant countries of the Empire are rich in such material among trees, and it is hoped that their children too will some day find a place with our own historic trees.

Our First

The Flying Age has brought fame a Shetland Islands, and the war has spearhead of our country in



Shetland crofters dig

THE deep inlets and sounds which make the 551 square miles of the Shetlands look so jagged are the stations of those seaplanes of our Coastal Command which rise up and range over 1200 square miles of the Atlantic on the watch for U-boats and other raiders of British and neutral merchantmen.

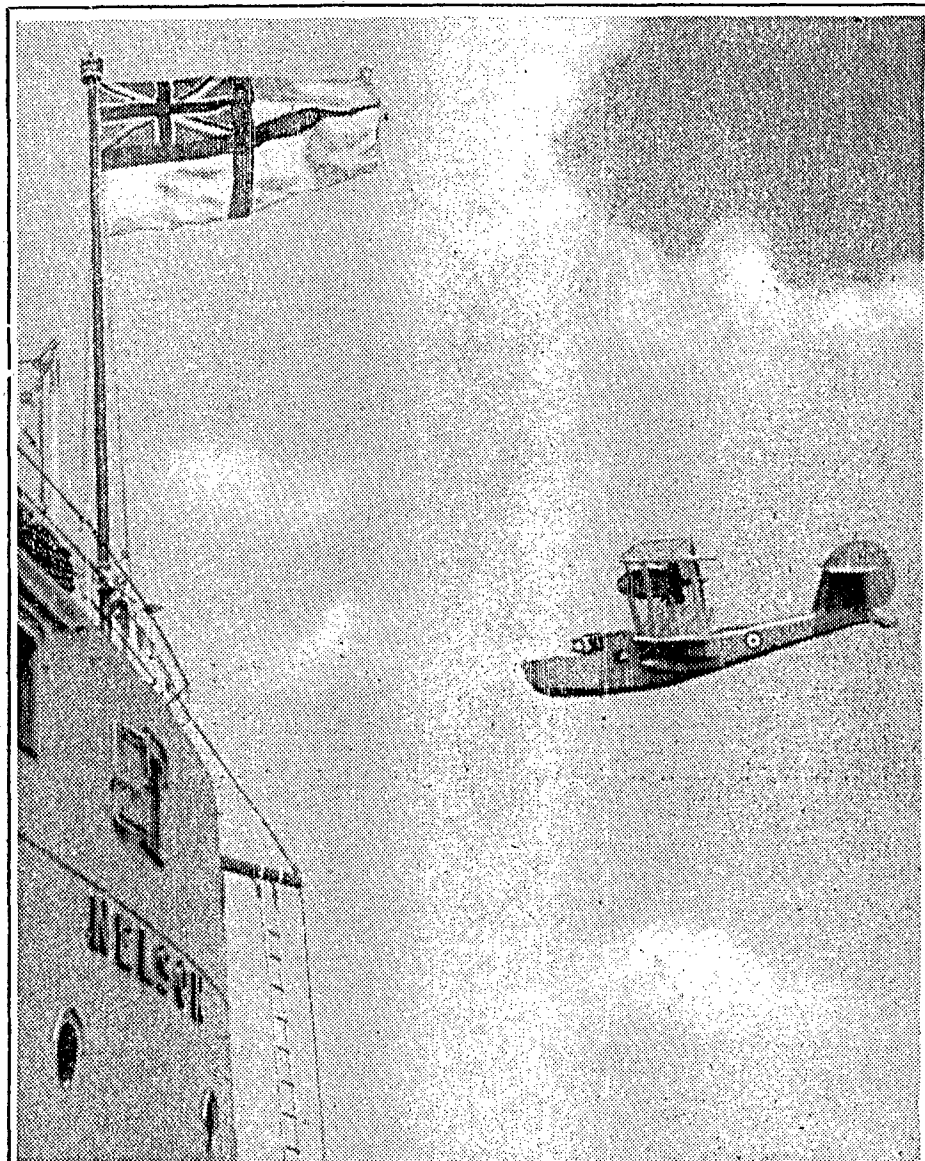
The little island of Muckle Flugga, with its lighthouse shining for 20 miles toward the North Pole, is the most northerly inhabited place in the British Isles and is a 780-mile journey from London. Lerwick, the capital, on the island of Mainland, is some 50 miles nearer, for the group stretches for 700 miles; if we include Fair Isle, midway between the Orkneys and the Shetlands, the distance is all but 100 miles.

The Hardy Shetlanders

About 20,000 people inhabit these hundred islands, reading their newspapers by the light of day when midnight strikes in June, but getting only a very brief peep at the sun at Christmas. Like their world-famous ponies, they are a hardy race, fishing and winning a scanty living from the poor soil. The Shetland women do most of the farm work, tending cattle, which, like the shaggy ponies, are small, and sheep, which are distinguished for their long and fine wool, the ewes resembling nanny-goats in having horns. The wool is the source of the famous industry of knitted and woven fabrics, a Shetland shawl being a much-prized possession.

Though the winter nights are long they are often made glorious by displays of the Aurora Borealis, while the natural scenery of the islands is magnificent. Here cliffs rise sheer from the waters, and Fitful Head has come into literature as the home of Norna the prophetess in Scott's Pirate. On the remote island of Foula is the second highest cliff in the British Isles, the Snieg, 1272 feet high, where nests the great skua, a mottled brown gull two feet long which lords it over the myriads of sea-birds there.

The Shetlands are the delight of the naturalist, for not only can he find rare birds, but he may come across seals sitting in the sun on the outer



ENGLAND EXPECTS

Whether at sea or in the air the men who defend our islands still have the Nelson touch

Outpost in the Atlantic

nd importance to the Orkney and made the little Shetland group a might as well as in shape.



ing on a peat moor

islets, while the grampus, the dolphin, and the porpoise frequent the coasts. Among fish are sharks, the curious-looking cusk, and the brilliant king-of-the-herrings, a sunfish. The geologist, too, can revel in the fire-formed rocks, in the rich pink masses on Papa Stour, and in the echoing stalactite cavern on Bressay Island.

The word papa means priest and recalls the early history of the group, taking us back to the time when the Pictish inhabitants were converted by missionaries from Ireland. It may surprise some of our English readers to learn that the Shetlands belonged to Norway until 1468, when Margaret, great-grandmother of Mary Queen of Scots, brought them as a dowry on her marriage with James the Third. Until that event the British Isles ended at John o' Groats, and this is the reason.

In the days of the Caesars the Picts lived on these islands, as three stone circles on Unst and two on Fetlar show. The Christian way of life under the Irish missionaries lasted for centuries, but was disturbed (as it was in

Saxon England) by the marauding Vikings from Scandinavia.

Living as pirates, the Vikings found the Shetlands convenient for their forays, so they subdued the Picts and their Christianity and used their harbours as centres from which to emerge for the attack not only of Britain but also of the land from which they sprang. These pagan rovers had realised the vital fact which we have only realised this century, that the Orkneys and Shetlands are the real keys of the Atlantic as far as Northern Europe is concerned.

Subduing the Wild Sea Rovers

They used to stay in the islands during the Arctic winter and make a spring sowing of oats. Then they left their womenfolk to carry on and rowed off in their long ships for their summer raids, returning about August for the harvest, and going forth again for an autumn expedition in search of the spoils of Christendom.

Retribution at last overtook the freebooters, when Harold, the first King of Norway, resolved to subdue this centre to which every discontented subject of his fled and turned pirate. He mustered a fleet and led it across the wide waters which today are so efficiently guarded by our planes, and attacked the freebooters in their lairs. But his victory was not complete, and the only way Harold could hold off future raids was by giving the islands to a follower, free from tribute provided that he turned the attention of the raiders anywhere else but towards Norway. So the new Earls of Orkney and Shetland extended their settlements through the Hebrides to the Isle of Man, even to Dublin.

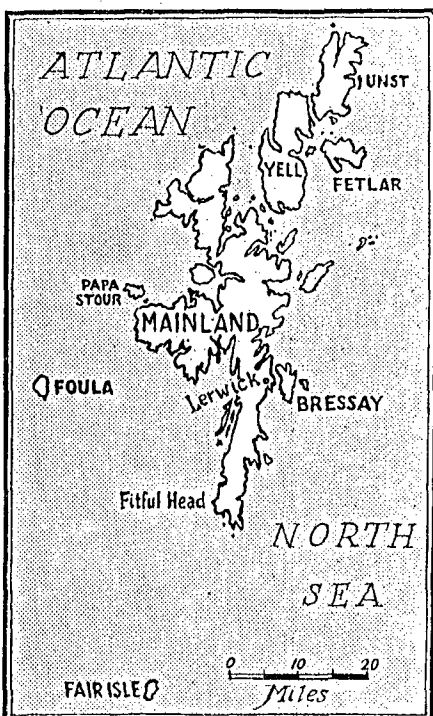
Once again an Irish missionary was the source of Christianity to the Shetlanders, for the Norse ruler whom he converted insisted on the earls becoming Christians as well, and the Earl of the islands was given the choice of seeing his son being put to death before his eyes or accepting the new religion. He accepted, and ordered all his people to submit to baptism.

Selling the Winds

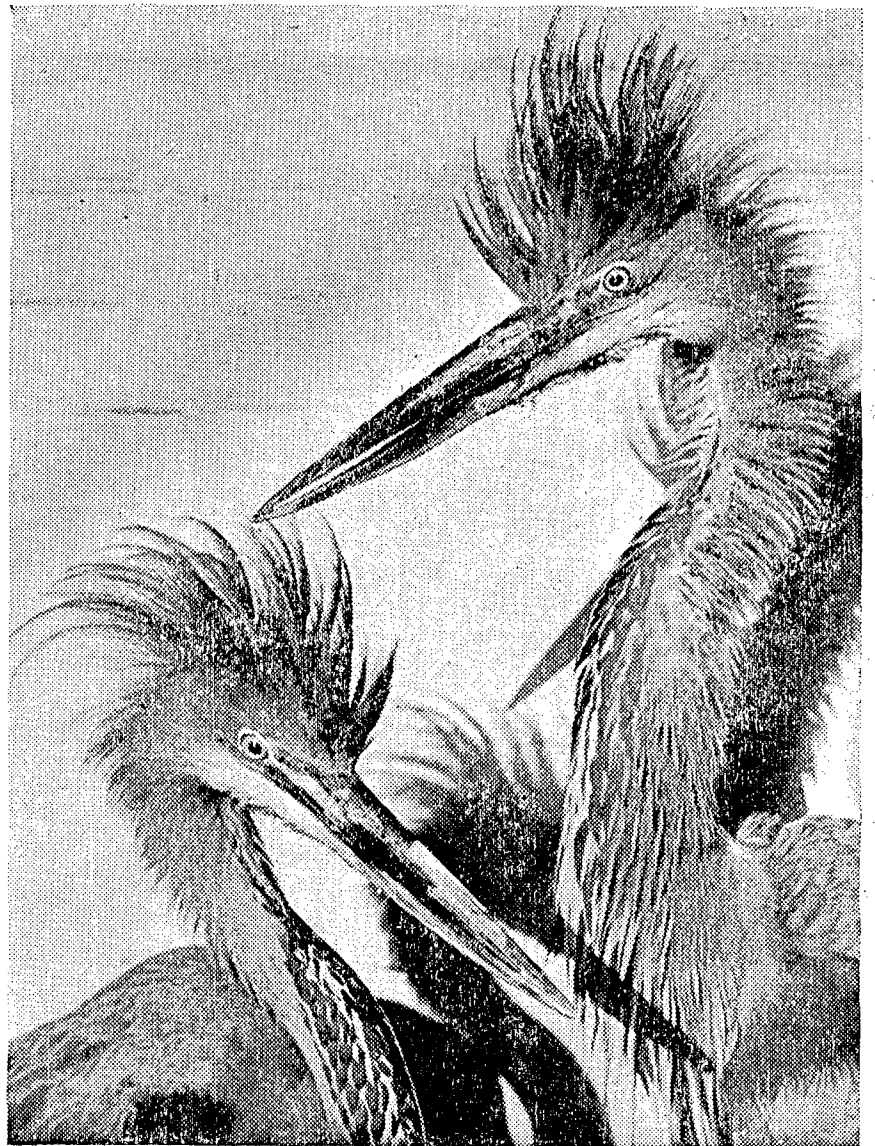
Naturally their character was not changed, and pagan customs survived for centuries. Barely a century ago there were women who made a living by selling winds to the captains of passing ships. If they took an oath on the Bible it was not certain to bind them, but if they put their hand through a hole in one of their ancient standing stones, sacred to Odin, and then took an oath, they would be sure to keep it.

Though the Scots defeated the Norsemen in a great sea-fight in the 13th century, 200 years passed before the Scots overran the Orkneys, while the Shetlanders even longer resented the intrusion of the Scots, holding on to their language so that even to this day many of their words are pure Norse.

Like their ancestors they are intrepid masters of the sea, providing many officers and sailors for our ships and flinching from no difficulty or danger. How these dwellers in the storm-swept islands of the north must exult in the stirring events which have come once again to put their courage and endurance to the test!

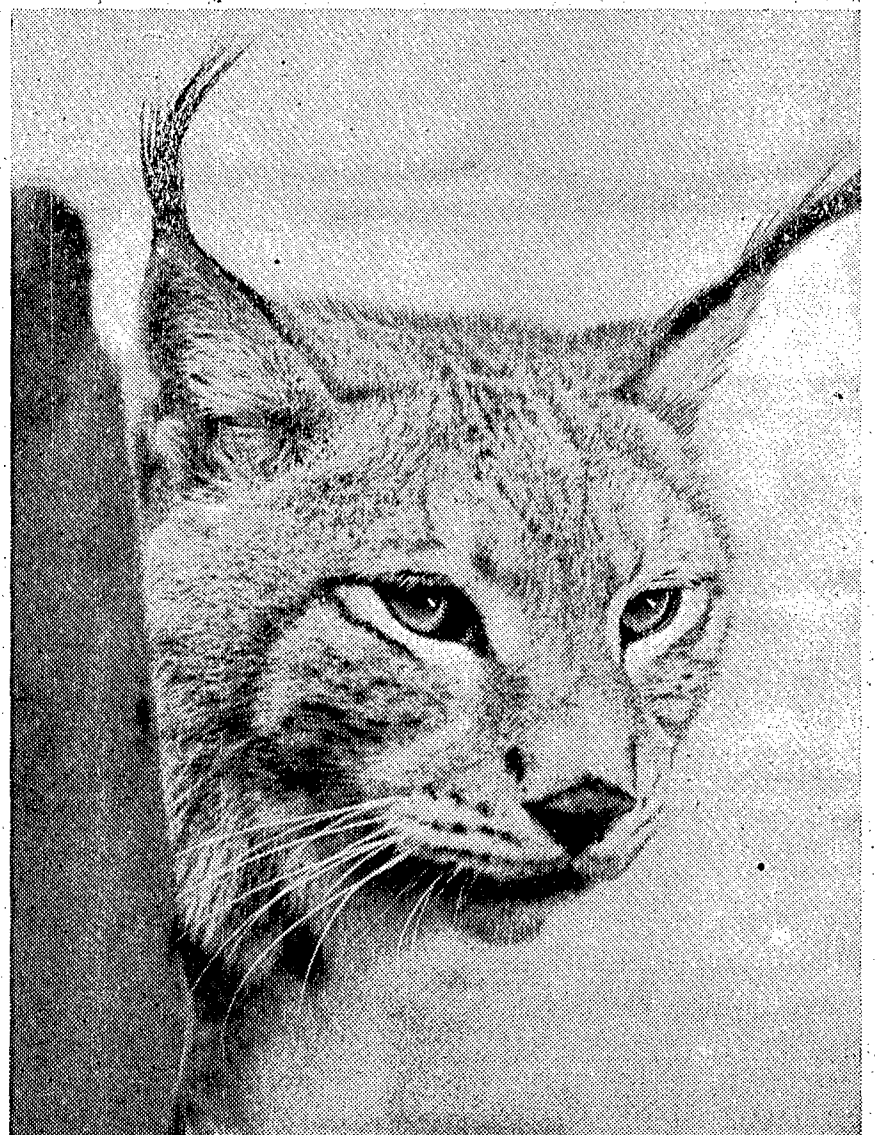


The Shetland Islands



ZOO PORTRAITS

Above: A pair of Goliath herons
Below: Peter the Lynx, of London



24 O'CLOCK

Will the War Bring It?

The last war gave us Summer Time; will this war give us the 24-Hour Clock?

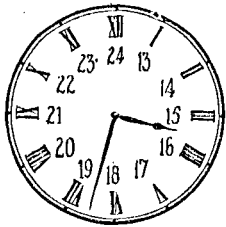
The Astronomer Royal, who has been advocating the system for years, has lately expressed the hope that it will be adopted generally in wartime. It is used on the Continent and in our own fighting services, and its advantages for all forms of transport and communication and for scientific purposes are so obvious that its introduction should meet with little opposition.

It would not affect our habits as Summer Time did, for practically the only way in which most people would notice the innovation would be in railway timetables. Under the new system, if we wanted a friend to have tea with us (and to bring his own sugar) we should still ask him to come at about a quarter-past four, and he would rightly guess that we did not mean 4.15 in the morning. But if we looked up a convenient train for him in a 24-hour timetable we should find one at 15.45 hours, though it would probably be as late as when it was the 3.45 p.m.

When our friend got home he might send us a postcard to say that he arrived safely just in time to hear the 9 o'clock news bulletin; but if we looked at the postmark we should see that the Post Office collected the card at 22.30.

In vitally important matters it is essential to guard against the possibility of confusion between a.m. and p.m., and the 24-Hour Clock does this simply and conveniently.

For most of us it would be a very slight change, and we should quickly get used to it. After all, there are 24 hours in a day, so it is not very logical to pretend that there are two periods of 12 hours.



The Animals and Where They Live

Animal Families and Where They Live By Arnrud Johnston. Country Life 7s 6d.

If you have not got the Children's Encyclopedia you must have this book, and if you have the C.E. this will supplement it. It is one of the wonderful books Country Life is now giving to the educational world.

So handsome a book must indeed have been a labour of love for the artist, who has lithographed by hand every one of the 340 animals shown in 24 colour plates. The effect is magnificent, for not only is the colour fresh, but each animal is shown very much alive in a characteristic attitude, often with a roving glint in the eye.

Facing the plates are brief notes on each animal, with its size and habits and food, while on a world map is marked its natural home. There is an index and a glossary, making it an ideal book for a parent or teacher to take to the Zoo with his little party of children. It is very big, but it is bright, and the children will love it.

Our Bill of Fare

All the agricultural colleges are being kept busy now giving advice to gardeners and allotment holders on what they had best grow for food, and how to grow it.

Sir John Russell, of Rothamsted, where all that is known about soils and crops is freely told, has added to the general information a summary of what we eat, and what, therefore, must be provided. The average Englishman eats 900 lbs weight a year without counting milk or eggs. Of this 200 lbs is wheat; another 200 is made up of vegetables and fruit; and a third 200 is meat and fish. Butter is 25 lbs, margarine 8, cheese 10; sugar and sundries make up the rest.

We Must All Save What We Can

PAYING A LITTLE FOR FREEDOM

It is easy to understand why the Prime Minister warns us to be careful and appeals to the nation to save. Let us try to put simply the matter of paying for the war.

In peace we have to bring enormous quantities of goods from abroad—over half our food, three-quarters of our raw materials, and many other things.

It is not too easy to pay for all these imports. Let us see how we do it.

First, we export goods. These are mainly manufactured goods and coal, for we have no food or materials of our own to spare. The outward shipments of goods do not nearly pay for our enormous imports, and the balance is paid for thus:

1. We have a great fleet of cargo and passenger ships, and their earnings in peace pay for over £100,000,000 worth of imports.
2. We have many investments in foreign countries and in the Empire, and the interest on these is received by us as imports.

So, with our exports of goods, our shipping, and our overseas investments, we contrive to pay for the food we eat and the raw materials needed by our factories and workshops.

In recent years we have found it increasingly difficult to pay for imports, because the Great War deprived us of much export trade and made other serious difficulties.

Now war has come again. The nation must maintain a great flow of imports if we are to carry on. But war itself restricts exports, brings attacks on our shipping, and reduces the profit on overseas investments. So the means to pay for imported goods are sadly reduced at the very time when imports are most needed, some of them in very big quantities. In the Great War we got over the

difficulty by borrowing enormous sums from the United States. Without the American loans (*really loans of imports*) we could not have carried on for four years. Now America has two laws which prevent our borrowing from her.

The first is the Johnson Act, which says that America must not lend to any nation which still owes her for old loans; and of course we have not repaid the big American loans of the Great War.

The second of these is the Neutrality Act of 1939, which forbids America to lend any money for war purposes.

Therefore, with our ally France, we have to depend mainly on our own resources. The Empire is not in a position to finance our British budget, but it is doing all it can by fitting out expeditionary forces. We are driven to depend on ourselves, and that is why the Government warns us to save. We have a certain balance of gold and securities in America, but this would not pay for our imports for long.

The nation has to increase its exports of goods if it can, despite the special difficulty of exporting in wartime. It has also to spend privately as little as possible on goods which use up imports. This means that we must refrain from buying clothes and furniture and other articles calling for imported materials that have to be brought to us by ships. This is serious, because in doing so we pull down our home trade and make it hard for some traders to pay taxes.

We must all do all we can, and the Government itself must act. It must, if needs be, subsidise exports (that is, pay exporters to quote lower prices). Not a day should be lost in increasing the coal export market, for example.

Jack Frost and Mr Mole

THE frost which has lately bound the land as in bonds of iron has had a serious effect on industry.

Farmers, anxiously waiting to work the soil for the sowing of seed from which we hope for bumper crops in wartime, found it impossible to plough a single furrow. Frigid temperatures are good for the soil, once it can be worked, but every day of delay is ruinously costly to cultivation.

Builders were similarly affected. It was useless to attempt outdoor work, for cement and concrete froze as it was mixed. But there were open-air engineers at work in spite of the frost.

With the thermometer twenty and more degrees below freezing point, and the ground unyielding to any man-made tool, the moles were at work below, tunnelling and heaving up the heaps of earth that mark the route of their mining. The material they threw out came up, not in the finely divided soil that we ordinarily see, but in little

clumps and nuggets, as it were, and must have required relatively enormous strength to bring it to light through the frozen turf.

Earthworms, food of the mole, burrow deep and curl up into astonishingly little space when frost chills the upper soil, but no matter how deep they go the moles, supreme miners, are able to excavate a way down to them, and thrust the disturbed soil up to the surface.

Nothing that a man's unaided physical efforts enable him to perform can compare with the gigantic task achieved by the mole down in the frozen earth. It has taken millions of years to endow the mole with his muscles and methods, and, like the prudent steward, he puts his talents to good account.

Were he not to do so a severe frost would exterminate every member of his family. Unlike the hedgehog, the squirrel, and the bat, the mole cannot sleep for weeks; he must eat every few hours, winter and summer.

Sons of Carthage in Our Navy

It would be hard to find a part of the British Empire that furnishes a bigger quota to the Navy in proportion to population than Malta.

Its people number little more than a quarter of a million, yet it provides the Navy with 1300 sturdy Jack Tars. The Maltese may be said to be born sailors. Of immense importance to us in lying with its magnificent harbour and naval dockyard midway between Gibraltar and Port Said, it has bred daring sailors since the days when Carthage, its parent city of ancient days, was completely mistress of the Mediterranean Sea. The Maltese, however, are by no means all of

Carthaginian descent, though among the native population a language or dialect is spoken which is supposed to be the modern representative of the tongue that Hannibal spoke, just as the speech of Mussolini's Rome is the modern variant of the Latin of Caesar's time.

The Carthaginians were the greatest of the colonists sent out by those mightiest of early sea mariners, the Phoenicians, who were the first ocean rovers to come trading with our skin-clad British ancestors. Now their descendants help in the defence of an empire comprising continents and semi-continents of which Carthage never knew

THE HALFPENNY CLUB

It Wishes It Did Not Exist

For a halfpenny a week every boy and girl can be enrolled in a club which has the unusual object of ceasing to exist at the earliest possible moment.

The Club was founded nearly three years ago in order that the boys and girls at schools with playgrounds and playing-fields should help the less fortunate schoolchildren to obtain these essential needs for organised games. As there are 5,000,000 children attending schools without anything of the kind the name adopted by its founders was the Five Million Club. This name will be changed to the Four Million Club, the Three Million Club, and so on as fast as its aims are achieved. Its chief aim is:

A playground within a quarter of a mile of every home in every urban area throughout the country.

Allowing 50 square feet of playing space for every child, and estimating the average cost of each playground at £1000 for the land and £1000 for adapting and equipping it, the five million children will require 5740 acres at a total cost of about £12,000,000.

This is a big aim, but it is well worth while for one reason alone, and this is that it should reduce the number of accidents to children in the streets. In the past 20 years 20,000 children under 15 have been killed and 600,000 injured on the streets of England and Wales alone, and until there are other playgrounds for them the children are certain to play in the streets, their traditional playground for centuries.

Problem of the Evacuees

The membership roll of the Club is now over 32,000, including 3500 grown-ups who can subscribe 5s a year, but not more, because the idea is to make the Club a democratic one with all who play or have played games, or driven a car, as enthusiastic members.

The oldest member of the Club is Lord Desborough, aged 84, and the youngest was four when enrolled. Lord Baldwin is a member, and so are two charladies and a liftboy. Over 250 well-known schools have adopted the scheme, many of them already having over 200 members.

The problem of the evacuees has shown how great is the need. Not even one village in ten has an inch of public playground, so the Club has decided, as a wartime policy, to make grants for the renting of fields from sympathetic farmers in the reception areas, for asphaltting small areas and supplying playground apparatus, and for distributing such things as footballs, netballs, skipping ropes, and so on, in areas which are short of them.

Any reader of the C.N. who wishes to become a member of this splendid Club should write to Mr A. N. Hutt, 15 Elizabeth Street, Buckingham Palace Road, London.

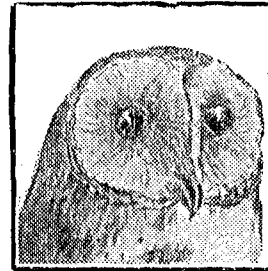
Peter Puck has been working it all out, and he tells us that by buying one less halfpenny icecream a week, which gives him only a few seconds pleasure, he can become the purchaser of 13 square inches of England each week, or 52 square inches standing space for one child in a new playground each month, a bit of England which will give pleasure as long as England is England.

Fewer Clothes

Last November our people spent less on dress and household goods than in October. If we compare with 1937 we find that at the end of last year we were spending a little more on clothes and much less on household goods.

These facts are important in view of the appeal not to spend but to save.

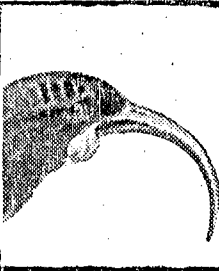
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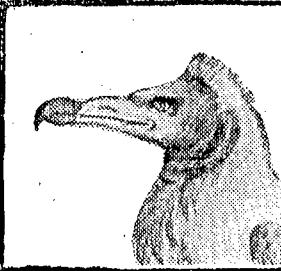
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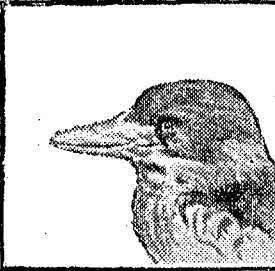
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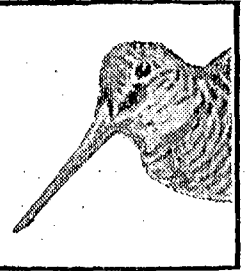
HUIA BIRD



EGYPTIAN VULTURE



LAUGHING JACKASS



WOODCOCK

BILLS AND BEAKS

GERMANY IN THE GRIP OF THE BRITISH FLEET

A VIVID light has been thrown on the war by certain speeches in Parliament the other day.

These speeches told of the relentless economic pressure which a nation with the command of the sea and exceptional financial resources can bring to bear on an adversary less favoured in these matters, and they recall the real forces which overwhelmed Germany in 1918 and a century before prevented Napoleon from fulfilling his dream of conquest.

Mr Ronald Cross, Minister for Economic Warfare, in the Commons and Lord Hankey in the Lords have revealed something of what has been done to prevent Germany from obtaining the materials she needs to carry on the war.

In the first place it was pointed out how great has been the result of our overwhelming sea power. Not only is Germany's trade with France and the British Empire stopped, but all her oversea trade borne in German ships has been stifled, except in the

Baltic. Her only way was to use the ships of neutrals; but this method has been practically stopped by our contraband control, which is being effectively carried out without serious objection on the part of the neutrals. As a result, both those essential materials which can *only* be obtained oversea and those which supplement the quantities obtainable overland in Europe have been cut off from Germany; cotton and rubber are examples.

Therefore Germany is left to buy or barter what she needs across the borders from her neighbours. Now, declared Mr Cross, we are carrying our economic warfare against Germany into the neutral countries around her, a difficult task because our country has started under a severe handicap.

In recent years Germany has been conducting her foreign trade, especially with the Danube countries, by barter arrangements which gave her a strong hold on the trade of those countries. To attack that position no ordinary methods of peacetime were possible.

There were goods vital to Germany, but not vital to ourselves, which it was advisable to buy in order to prevent Germany securing them, and by paying higher prices for them they are now being bought for this country, the Government paying the extra cost.

The Minister obviously could not tell the world what these goods are, because on the one hand that would enable the Germans to bully and blackmail the neutral trader or his Government, and on the other hand the price might be raised against us. Yet it may be worth while buying £1,000,000 of a neutral's surplus goods merely to prevent Germany from securing them. Thus scarcity and high prices have confronted German buyers in neutral markets and certain factories have already closed for lack of raw materials.

Mr Cross held up a Czecho-Slovak ration card for clothing, with 100 coupons to last a year. Sixty of these had to be given up for a suit, twenty for a shirt, two for a handkerchief,

and so on. Blankets, too, could only be bought under a licence, because wool was scarce.

In fact, German economy has received a severe shock already. In a little over four months we have brought Germany into the position in which she found herself after two years of the last war, for she has not the reserves she had then. Berlin has been shivering because coal is being used to make synthetic rubber, and there are already shortages of petroleum, copper, wool, oils, and fats. There is another ominous sign. Fearing currency inflation, people are buying quantities of unrationed goods, such as zinc baths—anything is thought better to hold than the money which the Nazis may seize tomorrow.

It is consoling to remember the last words of the speech by the Minister for Economic Warfare, in which he declared that he looks forward to the day when the Nazis will not be able to sustain their war effort, and victory will be ours.

What is the Pale Light Round the Crescent Moon?

When the Moon is a thin crescent, before the first quarter and after the last quarter, we can often distinguish the rest of the lunar disc by a pale greenish-blue light, called by some astronomers "the ashy light."

This is the light reflected by the Earth itself coming back to us, and, as our light is borrowed from the Sun, what we see is really the reflection of a reflection. We must remember that when the Moon appears as a crescent to us our planet is shining as a full Earth to any imaginary observer on the Moon, and the light the Earth gives to the Moon is about fourteen times as bright and powerful as the light the Moon gives to us. When we look at the ashy light on the Moon's disc it is our own planet lighted up that we see reflected in the world's looking-glass.

Are Spiders Ever Caught in Their Own Webs?

No. The strength of the spider prevents his getting caught in his web, which is only made for catching creatures much weaker than himself. We know for certain that the spider can cut his web when he pleases, so that there is no fear of his getting caught in it. The spider is a wonderfully clever creature, but he is not brave. If an insect that is too big for his taste comes against his web he

PETER SIMPLE'S QUESTION BOX

will sit quite still in one corner and not move until it goes away. Sometimes he is so frightened that he cuts his web rather than get into difficulties with something that is more likely to eat him than the other way about. For his size

the spider is a very strong creature, but it is really wonderful that he can cut his own web, for in proportion to its weight it is said to be the strongest thing that is known, stronger even than steel.

How Does the Thermometer Work?

EVERYBODY who has a thermometer pays it visits on cold days to see what it has to say.

When it is very cold we are almost pleased to find that the tiny column of mercury inside the glass tube stands round about the figure 32, marked on the scale beside the column. If it should become very hot in summer and the mercury should shoot up to 90 or thereabouts we are still pleased to find it confirming our suspicions, about the heat, and so we take a pride in noting how the mercury has climbed.

There is another kind of thermometer besides that hanging on the wall, smaller and thinner and made wholly of glass, with a mere thread of mercury inside. The doctor or the nurse puts it in our mouth to see how hot we are inside, and if the thread of mercury goes up to 100 or more nobody is pleased, the doctor least of all. How does this ingenious device, common to both instruments, work? It depends on the fact that if a liquid is heated it expands, and if cooled it

shrinks. Water does so, except when it becomes ice, and it always freezes or boils at the same temperature. Water does not make a good measurer because of its behaviour at the freezing-point, when, becoming ice, it expands instead of contracting. But taking the freezing and boiling points of water as fixed, it was possible to make a scale with 180 divisions, to tell the temperature in degrees between them.

Mercury, like water, expands and contracts, but is without water's peculiarity at the freezing-point, and is more easily handled. So, more than two centuries ago, Fahrenheit made his first mercury thermometer, with 180 degrees between freezing and boiling, and it has remained the same today, with one alteration—Fahrenheit found that a mixture of ice and salt was 32 degrees colder than freezing water, so he added them to his thermometer, which now has 212 divisions, with the freezing-point of water at 32 degrees and the boiling point of 212 degrees at the top.

Where is the Coldest Place on Earth?

The coldest known places are in Siberia and Nova Zembla. At Verkhoyansk in Siberia a temperature of 69.8 degrees Centigrade below freezing has been registered. This is about 125 degrees of frost by Fahrenheit reckoning.

In the Strait of Matochkin, where some registering thermometers were left in a sealed box for over thirty years, the highest temperature registered was 15 degrees Centigrade and the lowest 70 degrees below freezing. By comparison the North Pole is warm. It is supposed that on the high plateau of Central Greenland even lower temperatures may exist.

What is the Freedom of a City?

In former times freemen of a city had special privileges, including votes. Now, as a mark of exceptional honour, men who render a city or the nation great service are sometimes made honorary freemen, and their names are inscribed on the records. The honour does not now confer any power.

What is a Cabal?

A cabal is a body of persons who unite and intrigue to promote their views in the government of Church or State. The word is derived from the Hebrew Cabbala, by which is meant the secret or hidden interpretation of the Scriptures.

The Great Mirror For Other Worlds

WHO is the man who, in all the world, is least moved by the war?

We do not know, but we think we should choose the man on Mount Palomar in California who has charge of the tremendous mirror which is to be fitted into the world's biggest telescope at the end of this year.

All day he cuts and grinds and polishes the 17-ton circle of glass, nearly 17 feet across. He has cut it down at its centre by nearly four inches;

and has removed from the huge mass nearly four tons of its glass. He has been grinding for more than three years, and is to go on another year.

Grind and measure, polish and measure—to the ten-thousandth part of an inch—and then rub away some more of the glass surface and measure again. That is what this man and his fellows do all day in a building specially constructed with footways and movable cranes, and kept always at the same temperature

They are hollowing out the 17-foot circle of glass till it becomes a saucer of the exact shape and form for the concave mirror of the telescope. It will then be silvered, and the 200-inch mirror will be fitted into the biggest telescope the world has ever known.

The glass finisher's work will then be done and the astronomers will begin theirs.

To what end is this task directed? What questions will the astronomers put to this mirror which can gather more

light than a million eyes put together? This light-gatherer could see a candle flame 3000 miles away; but it seeks no earthly candle. It will scan the heavens for the most distant stars. All this work, all this effort of the human mind is directed to seeking new worlds and universes at the farthest boundary of space.

The grinder, grinding away, is thinking nothing of this world or its wars. His gaze is fixed on the peaceful solitudes of infinite space.

THE CAPTIVES SET FREE

New Homes in a Strange Land

It is the ambition of every exploring zoologist to discover and name some new species of animal, and the time may come when such aspirants will find themselves confronted by startling problems of the kind in unexpected places.

At Oldonyo, near Arusha, Northern Tanganyika, was a private menagerie owned by a German who supplied various zoos with livestock, and, as the property of enemy aliens has now had to be taken over by the authorities, here, awaiting disposal, were wild beasts, birds, and reptiles collected not only in Africa but in India.

There was now no sale for such a collection, so the authorities put the turtles into unfamiliar waters, let the birds fly free, liberated the lions, cheetahs, and other fierce beasts in the Masai Game Reserve, and, taking a number of Indian black-buck off by themselves, gave them freedom in a great game sanctuary high up on Mount Meru.

All the liberated captives should thrive and multiply. Perhaps some of them will associate with native kinds, and the future hunter may find to his surprise the wild descendants of Asiatic animals in Africa.

A Wireless Set Charity Box

In a certain avenue in the north of England, where several people possess radio sets, one of them placed a box near the set into which a few coppers were put whenever a programme pleased more than usual. The money thus saved was in due course handed to a local charity, and now all the people in this avenue have copied this good idea.

To Keep the War Away From America

PLAN THAT WOULD GIVE SANCTUARY TO GERMAN SUBMARINES

A VERY important international Plan has been forwarded by an important step, and it will be of interest to see the meaning of what has happened.

The 21 American Republics declared last autumn, at a Congress held at Panama, that a belt of sea, 300 miles deep, surrounding the continent, should be proclaimed a Neutral Zone, and that no act of war should be permitted within it. Communicated to the German and Allied Governments, this meant that the declaration, if accepted, must keep hostilities 300 miles from the American coast, the sovereignty of this area being vested in the 21 Republics.

But a zone of 300 miles is just 100 times the depth commonly recognised as territorial waters, although the United States has claimed a 12-mile area as hers. Such an extension of sovereign rights over the sea cannot be sustained except by agreement with all the nations concerned—by those who own the coasts washed by such seas and by the nations whose ships use those waters in peace or war.

The British Government in its reply, while welcoming the attempt to keep hostilities far from American shores, points out that the proposal would merely make those waters a vast sanctuary for German war vessels, from which they could steal out to attack our merchant ships and then retire to the shelter of the 300-mile zone secured from attack. Their supply ships would ply at pleasure, and German merchant ships now skulking in South American

harbours would be free to trade from one American port to another, so securing ready money for Germany to carry on the war.

The proposal cannot, therefore, be accepted in its present form. British ships will not commit acts of war in neutral waters, and German ships should be prevented from doing so, while German merchant ships now in American ports should be interned until the end of the war and so prevented from breaking international law. So says the British Government, and, of course, law and custom are fully on its side.

International law, to which we subscribe, is all-powerful in such a case. In passing an Act of Parliament bearing on the subject our law-makers are expected to recognise that what has received the assent of civilised nations must have received our assent, and our Law Courts recognise such international law whether it is set forth in our Statutes or not.

But international laws cannot be passed by one side to a proposal; all must agree. It is the law of the world that a country has sovereignty over the air above it and over the sea for three miles from its coast. No aircraft may legally pass through that air without consent, nor armed ship pass for war purposes through those waters. The Graf Spee broke the neutrality laws by overstaying the legal limit of time, and, rather than fight her little adversaries a second time, or be interned, committed suicide in the River Plate.

WHAT ABOUT THE PEACE PACT NOW?

The Boy Talks With the Man

The Boy. Peace means agreement. Is the whole world really agreed about anything? I mean agreed upon such things as trade and intercourse and the use of arms; the right to live and work; the right to happiness.

The Man. In modern times the many Governments of the world have declared themselves to be agreed on keeping the peace. At Paris in 1928 a Pact of very great importance was made by eight nations that they renounced war as an instrument of national policy, and would settle all disputes by pacific means. Afterwards 41 other nations signed this Pact (the Kellogg Pact), making 49 States in all, which between them included nearly all the world's population.

Boy. Yet in 1940 a great war is being waged! Did the nations now fighting sign the Peace Pact?

Man. They did, and within 11 years they were at blows.

Boy. So they agreed in principle yet now differ in practice!

Man. Yes; but do not suppose that the Pact was in vain. There is this great difference between present wars and many of the wars of the past. The nations now at war all declare that they are *fighting for peace*. We see them actually hesitating in the employment of the greatest armaments the world has ever known.

Boy. What is the explanation?

Man. The explanation is long and involved, but we may perhaps sum up the case fairly by saying that the Pact of 1928 did not provide for any settlement of long-standing differences, and that in regard to many of the differences very serious issues were involved. When, therefore, it came to attempting to settle the disputes without war, the matters at question, affecting tens or hundreds of millions of people, proved too much for human beings to agree upon. Failure to agree meant war, statesmen feeling, rightly or wrongly, that war was preferable to surrender of the cases they believed to be right.

Boy. That seems hopeless for the cause of Peace.

Man. By no means hopeless. Let us remember that until the Great War in 1914 there had been only one general European war since Waterloo. The nineteenth century was much more peaceful than the seventeenth and eighteenth, of which it may be said that war was the normal condition of Europe. Now war has become an abnormal condition, and the din of the present war is pierced by voices everywhere calling for peace.

Boy. Is it really possible that the present war may prove to be a War to end War?

Man. It is quite possible, and we believe it to be very likely. It would be certain, indeed, if all statesmen, all controllers of the Press, all men of influence, could bring themselves, even in war, to respect those with whom they are at difference, and to concede and proclaim that all men have the right to live and to work in reasonable equality of opportunity, using and sharing the world as a common inheritance for the good of all mankind.

We may surely believe that all the world is at heart agreed upon the right to live, and that in consequence a permanent state of peace must be achieved. We must have fair-play all round and the same freedom for great and small nations. Once we are agreed on that, Peace will be easy.

A SKILFUL GAME for 2 PLAYERS

Exciting and Amusing



OVER SHE GOES is a new, novel and intriguing game which everyone, young and old, can enjoy. As easy to play as draughts, yet it can be as skilful as chess. The excitement becomes intense as one player gains a winning position, perhaps only to lose it the next move. The fortunes of the game change very swiftly, and the interest is sustained until the last counter has been played. It is grand amusement for the winter evenings.

On Sale at all Stationers, Toy Shops and Stores. Order from Books/Stationery Departments, Timothy White's and Taylors, W. H. Smith & Son, Wyman & Sons, Burnside's, Harrods of Knightsbridge, or Bentalls, Kingston-on-Thames. Post Free 2/6 from Dept. H, Waddy Productions, 27A, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

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Waddy
PRODUCTIONS

The Dustman's Pig

The dustmen of Tottenham, with their home-made sties, are doing well with their 42 pigs.

They collect the food from household refuse set aside for the purpose, and have enough to feed their thriving herd, with a balance which they sell to professional pig-breeders.

One of the food problems bothering the Government is the transport from abroad of grain and other foods for pigs, cattle, and poultry, and we are all urged to utilise waste and home-grown produce.

Inquiries, based on the Tottenham experiment, lead to the conclusion that we have been throwing away a million tons of pig-food every year. This surplus is now to be collected and utilised to sustain and fatten our existing store of pigs and provide rations for pigs yet to come, so leaving free for essential imports the space their food would have occupied in ships, and, still better, preventing our having to spend money unnecessarily abroad.

Competition Result

In C N Competition 94 the two best correct entries were sent in by Bernard Humphrey, 29 Lindfield Road, Lindfield, Sussex; and Jane Wiseman, 1 Brunswick Place, Aberdeen. A prize of 10s has been sent to each of these readers.

The 15 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Joan Archer, Blackpool; Raymond Bednall, Birmingham; Doris Blue, Kettering; Jeanne Burns, Abbots Langley; Emily Cohen, Weston-super-Mare; Muriel Farmer, Cardiff; Ronald Hargreaves, Blackpool; Betty Haywood, Worsworth; John Hooley, Stockport; Kenneth Houston, Ballymena; Margaret Leckie, Bristol; Ruth Manley, Worthing; Keith Mobey, Swindon; Cynthia Roberts, Lichfield; Jack Smith, Bristol.

The correct answers were:

1 and 16 Teapot. 2 and 13 Opera-glasses. 3 and 8 Fountain-pen. 4 and 14 Tin-opener. 5 and 9 Toasting-fork. 6 and 7 Banjo. 10 and 11 Candle-stick. 12 and 15 Shaving-brush. 17 and 18 Mop.

February 3, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

II

BRIGHT ALEC

The Stopped Stream: A Short Story by T. C. Bridges

"THE coldest spell I ever remember," said the fine-looking man in the grey tweed suit who sat on a stone by the side of Marracombe Mere, taking off his skates. "Looks like lasting, too," he added.

"It will thaw in 24 hours, sir," said young Alec Renshaw, who had just come to the bank.

Squire Barham looked up. "Why do you say that?" he asked, so sharply that Alec was surprised.

"The green tint in the western sky, sir," he answered, and pointed. The sun was just setting, a ball of red fire, but above it the sky, instead of its usual blue, had a peculiar green hue. It was very lovely, but rather weird. "An old fisherman at Yarmouth told me about that," Alec went on. "He said it was one of the few weather signs that was certain. He had never known it to fail."

"I don't think I ever saw it before," Mr Barham answered. "But if you are right, Alec, it's a bad job for me."

"I'd have thought you'd have been glad, sir. This snow's bad for the stock."

"But good for what I have in hand. Come with me and I'll show you. There's time before dark."

The Keeper's Suggestion

THE Squire had his car on the road, and the road luckily had been cleared of snow. They drove quickly in a north-westerly direction, and within ten minutes came in sight of Ashcombe, the fine old house of the Barhams. The road crossed a deep gorge by a bridge, and here the Squire pulled up and got out.

"This is the Ravy," said Mr Barham, pointing to the river which ran at the bottom of the gorge.

"I know it, sir," Alec answered. "It joins the Strane and they make the Arrow."

"Correct! Do you know anything more about it?"

"Only that it's a good trout stream."

"Fair for trout but bad for salmon. The salmon that come from the sea all go up the Strane."

Alec nodded. "I've heard of cases like that. The West Dart is good for salmon, but very few go up the East though it's the bigger river."

"Do you know why?"

"Frankly, I don't, sir."

The big man laughed.

"Glad you don't know everything. Well, I'll tell you. The mouth of the East Dart is a mass of rocks and the fish have to fight hard to get up. They naturally choose the easier way. It's the same here. Look down."

Alec looked, and saw a great bar of granite running at a slant all across the narrow bed of the river. There was a pool behind the bar and the water poured over the ridge at the far corner, making a fall too steep for salmon to get up unless a very big flood was running. The Squire went on.

"You see how low the water is. That, of course, is owing to the frost. I've never seen it so low. Gold, my keeper, came to me today and suggested he should get some dynamite, and that tomorrow we should blast out that bar. The water is so low that we could wade up from the lower end of the gorge."

Alec nodded. "A pity you didn't do it today, sir. I'm afraid there'll be a flood tomorrow." He paused, then went on. "But why didn't you do it last summer. We had a dry spell in August and, even if you couldn't wade up the gorge, you could have got down with a block and tackle."

"I'll tell you. Andrew Chard, the farmer whose land runs next mine and who owns some miles of the Strane, is desperately jealous. His idea is that if I let the salmon up the Ravy they won't come up the Strane. It's a crazy notion for there are plenty of fish for both rivers, but he is all against my blasting out that bar. If I rigged up ropes and tackle he'd be bound to know all about it and there'd be a row. I hate quarrels with my neighbours, and that's why I have left the bar untouched."

"I see, sir. If you could walk up the gorge you could do the job on the quiet. The explosion would hardly be heard and Chard would be none the wiser. It is a pity it wasn't done today."

"It is a pity," agreed the other. "We may never get such a chance again."

Alec considered.

"I suppose there's no way of stopping the stream up above—damming it or turning it?"

"None whatever," said the Squire with decision.

"Do you mind if we walk up the gorge a bit? There's still some light in the sky."

"We'll walk as far as you like, but you won't find anything helpful."

Alec started at a sharp pace. The gorge, known as Narra Cleave, was only half a mile long. Above it the river came down from high ground between steep slopes now covered deep with snow. Alec stopped and gazed at these slopes. The Squire, watching him, wondered what thoughts were working in the boy's active brain.

"It might work," he heard him say.

"What might work?" he demanded.

"I don't know, sir. I have to think about it. Besides, it will depend on the weather."

"You have an idea. I'm sure of it. See here, Alec, you stay the night with me. I'll ring up Bishop's Mead and tell them you are here."

"All right, sir. I'll love to stay. But I'm not promising anything, and might Dick come?" he added.

"Of course. I'll tell him," said the Squire.

There were good things for tea at Ashcombe—home-made scones, cake, cream, and jam made from the raspberries in the big walled kitchen garden. The Squire was a widower, but his housekeeper, Mrs Darnton, looked after him well. Dick cycled over after tea, and for dinner there was a brace of pheasants and one of those farmer's shapes made of bottled plums smothered with custard. Alec slept in a big bed in a suit of his host's pyjamas much too large for him. He woke next day to find a south-west gale blowing and rain falling heavily.

"You were right, Alec," said the Squire, as the boys came into the breakfast-room. "Here's the thaw, and there'll be a big flood before night. I'm afraid it's all up with our salmon pass."

"I'm not so sure, sir," Alec answered quietly. "If Gold can help us after breakfast we might do something."

Mr Barham laughed.

"After the way you travelled down Snell's Slide I'd believe almost anything of you, Alec. But I think this weather has you beat, and me too."

The Great Snow Slide

"WHAT'S the big idea, Alec?" Dick Kynaston asked as, with Gold the keeper, wearing rubber boots and oilskins, they tramped up river in the pouring rain. Already the snow was soft and at each step they sank deep in the slush.

"It's a bit loony," said Alec doubtfully. "I don't know whether it will work. I was thinking of using the snow to dam the river."

"The snow," repeated Dick, but old Gold understood at once.

"Slide her down off they slopes," he said quickly. "Tis a notion, sure. Question is, will her hold back the water?"

"There's not much flood yet," said Alec. "And snow makes a good dam. How long would it take you to put in the charge in the gorge?"

"Blundell and I could do it in an hour."

"Shall we try?" asked Alec.

"Tis worth trying," Gold said. "How do 'ee reckon to start the snow sliding?"

"Roll some snowballs up at the top and push two or three at once over the edge."

The snow was sticky, and between them they rolled four large balls which stood in a row on the very edge of the steep slope. At a word from Alec they pushed them over one after another as quickly as they could.

At first they rolled slowly, each picking up fresh snow and leaving a dark furrow behind it. As they reached steeper ground they rolled faster; then the biggest split and became two balls, each picking up snow. The others did the same, and soon there were a dozen balls rolling and leaping.

Alec watched anxiously. Snowballs would never dam a river. What was wanted was a snow slide.

It came. With a curious creaking sound the great sheet of wet snow covering the hillside began to move downward. The creaking grew to a roar, and the watchers saw the whole mass, weighing many hundreds of tons, peel off the steep slope and go thundering down.

"A regular avalanche," Dick cried.

Alec's eyes were shining.

"It's worked. See! The dam is quite 20 feet high. You have an hour—more than an hour, Gold. Get to it."

Gold shouted for his helper, Blundell, and the two went off as hard as they could go. They had the dynamite ready fused and capped, and all they had to do was to cut a hole with a steel drill in the ledge, push in the charge, tamp it, light the fuse, and clear out. Alec and Dick stayed to watch the dam and give warning to Gold in case it showed signs of giving way.

"Jolly smart idea of yours, Alec," Dick said warmly. "This dam is solid as rock."

"But the water is piling up behind very fast," Alec answered anxiously. "This rain melts the snow quicker than anything. There'll be a big flood by midday."

Dick's Triumph

THE two stood on the bare slope above the river, watching the pool behind the dam pile up and deepen. It was fascinating to see the little eddies of brown flood-water curve upwards over the grass. The boys were so interested that they never heard a rustling in the great clump of laurel behind them. Before they knew that anyone was near two men had stepped up behind and seized them.

"So it's you, young Renshaw," snapped the man who held Alec.

He was a heavily-built fellow with a queer, lop-sided face. One eyebrow was twice as wide and thick as the other. "I might have known it. Always poking your nose into other folks' affairs, but this time you poked it a bit too far. Andrew Chard don't allow no one to spoil his fishing."

"Don't be silly!" said Alec. "This won't spoil your fishing. Do you know you are trespassing on private property?"

Chard gave an ugly laugh. "There ain't no one knows that but you and this other kid. And you can't do nothing." He turned to his companion.

"Batty, you go on down and put a charge in that there dam. I'll tend to these boys."

"You idiot!" cried Alec. "You'll drown Gold and Blundell. They're in the gorge."

"That's their look-out," sneered Chard. "Go on, Batty."

Batty, a big, gaunt fellow, nodded and went. He was carrying a drill, dynamite, and fuse. Alec was nearly frantic. If the snow dam was blown out Gold and Blundell would most surely be swept away and

drowned. He racked his brain but could see no way of helping or warning them.

Dick took a hand—or rather a foot. Wrenching round, he kicked Chard on the shin. It hurt abominably, and in his rage and pain Chard let go of the boys and raised his right hand to hit Dick.

He had not a hope. Dick ducked under the flying fist and bolted. Straight down hill he went, Chard lumbering after.

"Stop him, Batty!" Chard shouted; but Batty was laden with the dynamite and drill. Dick sped past him like a shot from a gun, gained the dam, and raced across it.

"Tell Gold!" he yelled to Alec; but there was no need for this advice. Alec was already running downstream as hard as he could pelt.

Chard and Batty reached the dam, and Chard was for following Dick, but Batty stopped him.

"Us can't catch un," he said briefly.

"Best get on with the job."

It was good advice. Chard scowled but obeyed. Batty rammed his drill into the mass of packed snow and very quickly had the hole ready for the dynamite, which Chard at once began to pack in.

Alec meanwhile was running as hard as he had ever run in his life. Running through this deep, slushy snow was no joke, and soon his legs were aching and he was panting for breath. He realised that he would have no time to reach the bottom of the gorge. All he could do was to gain the bank above the place where Gold and Blundell were working, and shout to them. Even so it was doubtful if they could get at the lower end of the gorge before the flood caught them.

He could hardly breathe by the time he reached the top of the cliff above the rock dam, and his voice was like a frog's croak as he cried his warning. The two men, pounding away with drill and sledge, did not hear him. He had to throw a stone down to make them look up.

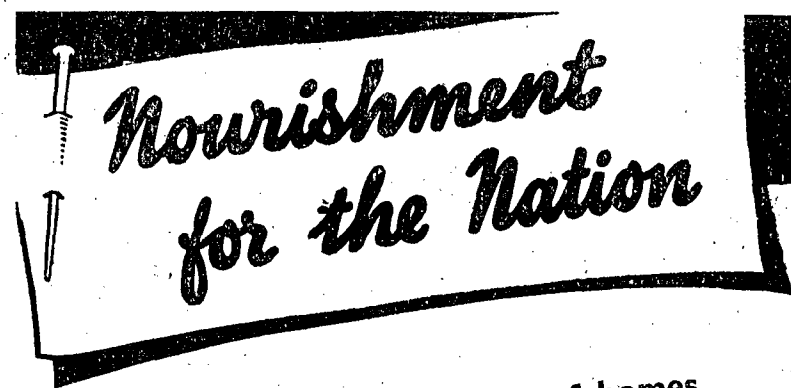
"Chard—he's blasting the snow dam," Alec yelled. "Run for your lives!"

They turned and ran, and at that very moment Alec heard the heavy thud of exploding dynamite.

Despair seized him. The water would come down in a solid wall and Gold and Blundell must be caught long before they could reach safety.

The boom was followed by a second, only

Continued on page 12

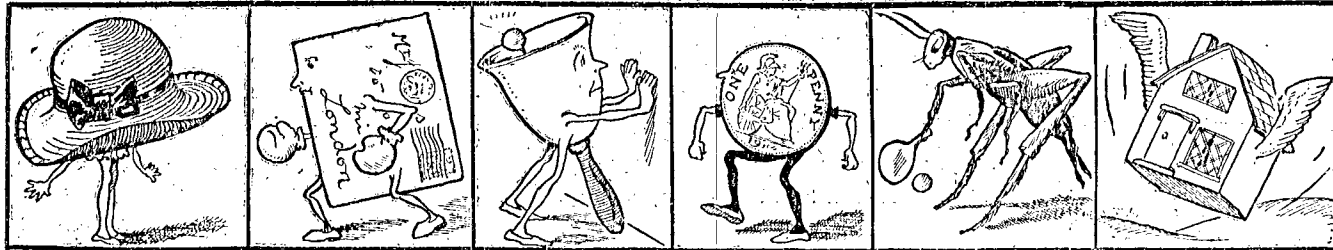


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THE BRAN TUB

Some Wonderful Sights You Have Never Seen



A Hat Stand

A Letter Box

A Bell Push

A Penny Stamp

A Cricket Bat

A House Fly

Security

BROWN: Jones wants to borrow five pounds from me. Is he good for that amount?
Smith: Yes, with proper securities.
Brown: What would you suggest?
Smith: A chain and padlock, a pair of handcuffs, and a dog.

What Happened on Your Birthday

Feb. 4. Thomas Carlyle died 1881
5. J. B. Dunlop born . . . 1840
6. Queen Anne born . . . 1665
7. Charles Dickens born . . . 1812
8. John Ruskin born . . . 1819
9. Bishop Hooper burned at the stake . . . 1555
10. Charles Lamb born . . . 1775

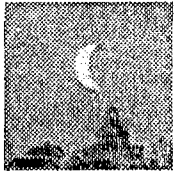
John Boyd Dunlop, born 100 years ago on February 5, was an Irishman who practised as a veterinary surgeon in Belfast. He was a middle-aged man when he invented his pneumatic tyre. He died in 1921. The story is told of him that he once declared it was impossible to make a pun on his name. This brought the prompt rejoinder: "Lop off half and it's dun!"

Arithmetical Enigma

A THOUSAND and one! a thousand and one!
And a hundred added thereto!
I make what is sometimes ill-natured fun,
And am dreaded wherever I go.
Yet, oh! how fondly the mother smiled.
As she gave my name to her innocent child!
Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus, Jupiter, and Mars are in the south-west, and Saturn and Uranus are in the south. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, February 4.



Speed

JEM writes his verses with more speed
Than the printer's boy can set 'em;
Quite as fast as we can read,
And only not so fast as we forget 'em.
S. T. Coleridge

Jumbled Waters

IF properly re-arranged, the letters of the following phrases spell the names of six well-known stretches of water round the British Isles.

BAR TOY NED PLAN THRIFT
SHEW HAT FAILS WORTHY
CAPS A WOLF TIP A SHED

Answer next week

IF

IF all the land were apple-pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we do for drink?

Proverbs From China

IN shallow water dragons become the laughing-stock of shrimps.

However high the tree, the shortest axe can reach its trunk. The one-legged never stumble. The lame duck should avoid the ploughed field.

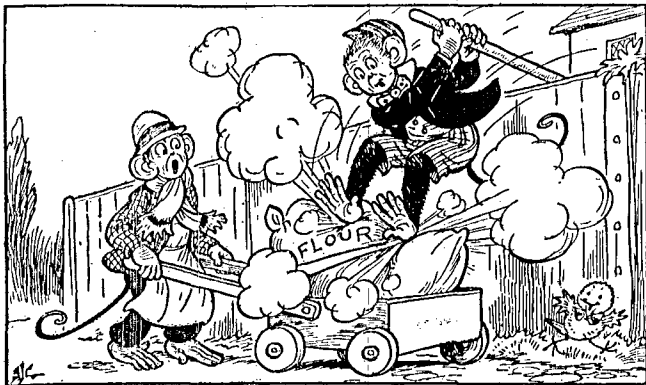
He who has no money sees many bargains.

A tale half told is the father of many lies.

It is better to die two years too soon than to live one year too long.

No needle has two sharp points.

Jacko Over the Garden Wall



ONE morning Jacko got hold of a long pole and amused himself doing high jumps. He grew quite expert. Gripping the pole firmly, he vaulted neatly over the wall into the next garden. It was unfortunate that at that very moment the baker's boy happened to be wheeling a bag of flour up the path. Jacko landed bang in the middle of it!

Ici on Parle Français

La Lumière du Mineur

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph below.

The Miner's Light

Probably the strangest light in the world is that used by Alaskan miners. It consists of a dead fish stuck on a stand, lighted as a candle.

So full of oil is the fish that it burns steadily and gives an excellent light, and, as the fish is abundant and easily caught, it provides the cheapest light that the miners in many parts of Alaska can obtain.

Il est probable que le luminaire le plus étrange au monde est celui dont se servent les mineurs de l'Alaska. Il se compose de poissons morts, posés sur un socle, et auxquels on met le feu, comme à une bougie. Ces poissons contiennent une telle quantité d'huile qu'ils brûlent sans s'arrêter et fournissent une lumière excellente, et, comme il y a abondance de poissons, et qu'on les attrape facilement, ils fournissent la lumière la meilleure marché que les mineurs puissent obtenir dans maintes régions de l'Alaska.

How the Albatross Got Its Name

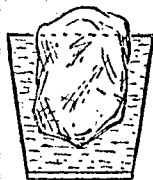
THE albatross obtained its name in a very curious way. The Arabic word for the bucket on a water-wheel is al-qadus, and the Spaniards took this word and spelt it alcaduz. Gradually the spelling was altered to alcatraz. Then the name was transferred to the pelican, because the pouch of its beak holds a great deal of fish. Altered again to alcatraz the name was given to the frigate bird, which is black, and then it was transferred to another sea-bird, the white albatross, and the spelling altered to look something like the Latin albus, white. And thus, at last, the word came to us as albatross.

Not So Sleepy

THE teacher, in reading to his class, had come across the phrase "the dreamy river."
"What would the author mean," asked he, "by the dreamy river?"
"Perhaps it was always in its bed!" a smart lad replied.

Little Science Problem

THIS picture shows a pail of water full to the brim with a large lump of ice floating in it, and projecting above the water as all floating ice does. When the ice melts will the water spill over the edge of the pail or not?



Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

- Countries and Towns
1. CRANE + F = FRANCE
2. SEAL + W = WALES
3. RAIN = IRAN
4. TYRE + KU = TURKEY
5. CAMERA + I = AMERICA
6. TAIL + Y = ITALY
7. NAIL + M = MILAN
8. COACH + GI = CHICAGO
9. RAMS + YN = SMYRNA
10. SWANS + AE = SWANSEA
11. HARE + NET = TEHRAN
12. ICE + N = NICE

Hidden Vegetables	Half-Hour Cross Word
Spinach, turnip, potato, onion	FLOE SODA
	U BACON C
	SEER LUTE
	SAY FUSED
	C WAS A
	METERASH
	ARE A PLEA
	REVERTER
	TARE YOKE

Head and Tail
Skin, kin, ski

MOTHER! FIGHT CHILD'S COLDS

How many mothers are aware that children's colds, coughs and snuffles are encouraged by constipation? How many mothers know for certain whether their children are constipated or not? You can't keep your eye on them all the time. So when they come home sneezing, coughing, snuffling, be sure that their bowels are not clogged with poisonous waste which acts as an ideal breeding ground for germs.

Go out and buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' and give a dose at once. Armies of germs are cleared out and the risks of head colds and chest colds are greatly reduced. Be sure it is 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6. Kiddies love the delicious flavour! For 'California Syrup of Figs' is a natural fruit laxative.

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib, with the new "Inkeduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477466) gives fountain-pen action with advantages of Gillott's Stainless Steel Nib. "Inkeduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.

High-class stationers stock—or particulars can be obtained from Joseph Gillott & Sons, Ltd., on application.

Stop that COLD with VAPEX

BRIGHT ALEC

Continued from page 11

this was a longer sound. Two cartridges! If Chard had used two the whole dam would go out in a moment.

Alec stood looking down in a terrible fright. The whole business was his idea, and if Gold and Blundell were drowned he felt that he would be responsible. Each instant he expected to see a wall of water come sweeping down the gorge.

Yes, here it was; but this was no flood. Only a foot or so!

Alec stared and stared. He could not believe his eyes. Chard had burst the dam but the water wasn't coming. What did it mean? He saw Gold and Blundell reach the lower end of the gorge and scramble to safety, then he himself ran back upstream.

He reached the head of the gorge and stopped. There was the snow dam apparently untouched, and on it was Mr Barham in the act of pulling out of the water a man who looked half drowned. It was Chard! Dick was on the bank, standing over Batty, who looked even worse.

Alec ran on. He reached Dick. "What happened?" he demanded, more excited than Dick had ever seen him.

Dick grinned. "See for yourself," he answered, pointing to the shivering Chard and Batty.

"I asked what happened. Tell me at once or I'll put you in the river."

Dick burst into a delighted chuckle. "I'd like to see you try. Alec, this is the one time that Dick got ahead of Bright Alec. Look at that opposite bank."

Alec looked, and saw that it too was bare of snow. In a flash he understood.

"You started another slide. My word, that was smart of you, Dick. And then Mr Barham turned up and took a hand."

"You've got it. Now go and tell Gold to finish the job."

Alec was off at once. Before the second dam gave the job was done and the river was free for the spring salmon run.

As for Chard, he had had such a scare that he was ready to promise anything. And Alec, so far from being jealous, never tired of singing praises of Dick.

THE END

RUB A NEEDLE ON THE ENDS OF A MAGNET, PUSH IT THROUGH A CORK AND FLOAT IN A SAUCER OF WATER. THERE'S A FINE COMPASS, AS THE NEEDLE ALWAYS POINTS NORTH & SOUTH

HOW MANY MISTAKES CAN YOU FIND IN THIS PICTURE?

CAN YOU ADD SIX MATCHES TO THIS FIGURE SO THAT THIRTEEN TRIANGLES WILL BE FORMED?

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK

CAN YOU FIND YOUR WAY FROM HOME TO SCHOOL AND BACK AGAIN BY A DIFFERENT ROUTE?